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BROKEN DOWN.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

WHEN Edward Mydleton first felt the conviction borne in upon him that, if he would wear spurs at all, he must win them by his own unaided efforts, he, having hitherto been accustomed to a career of unlimited consideration from other people, felt considerably depressed. It was hard on him; even those who liked him least allowed that, after having been permitted to think himself his uncle Sir Ralph's heir for twenty-five years, an unexpected and legitimate cousin should arise when that uncle died, to dispute possession and finally wrest it from him. The young man, who had always received a good allowance from Sir Ralph, and been treated by that deceitful old reprobate in all respects as his



successor, was by this unwelcome advent of the rightful heir thrust out into the world penniless and positionless. He had been given no profession, because he was the heir. He had never been counselled, because he was the heir. He had been taught to look upon himself as one of the most important men in the country, because he was the heir. And now, at twenty-five, he suddenly found himself cast very much adrift, and entirely upon his own resources.

They were not very trustworthy ones, the poor young fellow had every reason to fear. His education had been a very good one, according to the general acceptance of the term. And, indeed, in one sense it had been an exceedingly good one for his case, for

he had never been taught to do any thing definite, and now there was nothing definite before him to do.

In the first flush of his misfortunes he was buoyed up by the thought of the multiplicity of his friends! He told himself confidently that their name was legion, forgetting that he had been the future baronet when they last declared themselves, and that he was only a chevalier of fortune now. Poor young fellow! that illusion was quickly dispelled. He discerned the chilled interest very speedily, and he was not made of the materials that strive to warm a chilled interest up.

In his days of prosperity any number of people stood well to the fore, professing their readiness to get him some good diplomatic appointment, "for which your manner and culture so eminently fit you, Mr. Mydleton." But now, though his manner and culture were in no wise altered, his former would-be benefactors were. They stood afar off and didn't see his necessity. And he, scorning to apprise them of it more fully, soon found himself in the position of a penniless man wanting a place.

Something inconsiderable was offered to him once or twice under government. A subordinate position at the Post-Office, a third clerkship at a hundred and twenty pounds a year at the Admiralty, an ill-remunerated consulship in some plague-stricken spot abroad. But he declined all of these, and drifted into literature as so many of the guild do drift, partly because they have ability, partly because they have ambition, partly because they have misplaced confidence in themselves and the public, and principally because they have need!

He was naturally bright; he was well cultivated; he had the trick of turning sentences; he was indefatigable; he was conversant with the tone of thought of the day; and, above all, he was spurred on by the sense of a wrong. He didn't exactly mark an epoch in journalistic literature, but he did something that was not altogether despicable! That is, he wrote leaders that the public cared to read, and that the proprietors of the paper he was employed upon cared to pay for.

How men of his calibre live and move and have their being, and write what is fit to read, is a marvel. He was one of a class, and his career is a typical one. He began the day with gin-and-bitters. He ended it with brandy-and-soda. He rushed backward and forward from his ill-favored lodgings in Camden Town to the printing-office, in the Strand, in hansom cabs when he had a few shillings; in omnibuses when he had only sixpence; on foot when, as oftener happened, he had nothing. And sometimes it seemed to him that success was easy of attainment, so readily made, and so hard to mar. And at other times it seemed as if the goal could never be gained, as if the race was not to the swift and strong like himself, but to the feeble, effete, like the—successful ones. Alternately, indeed, he was in hope and despair, and when he was in despair he went to man's worst, most subtle comforter—the brandy-flask.

Not for inspiration! The brilliant young fellow was never fool enough to delude himself with the notion that he owed a single idea to the hateful enemy who was so seductive. He drank because he was unhappy and tired very often—forgetting that, when he shook off the effect of the drink, he would be more unhappy and tired still. At times his to-morrow mornings were very terrible to him—so terrible that he would vow solemn vows, and keep them for a while, that never again would he put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains. But, when the time of temptation came, he would be too weak to resist. And, "after all," he soon came to argue, as his feelings got blunted, "what did it matter? There was no one to care for him!"

A couple of years passed over his head, and, at the end of them, Teddy Mydleton, as he was familiarly called at the "Arts" and another well-known literary club to which he belonged, was an established, popular, flourishing journalist. To a certain extent it may be true, that wise saw about "literature being a good walking-stick, but a bad crutch." But, on the whole, I hold it true that the man, or woman either, who devotes him or herself unreservedly and entirely and thoroughly to literature, stands a better chance of winning the honors and rewards than do those who, have the feeling that they need not work. Mr. Mydleton had literally no other interests to clash with those that engaged him in climbing up Parnassus. To write and make money was the object with which he had started. He had come now to love the writing for the writing's sake, independent of the money to be made by means of it.

During these two years he had drifted quite out of reach of the set that knew him when he was the heir to Sir Ralph's title and

estate. He had drifted quite out of that set, and had become a member of an infinitely poorer, cleverer, more amusing one. Literary men and women may have a thousand faults which are unpardonable in Philistine eyes. But there is about them this redeeming trait—when they meet together, they do not bore each other; but, on the contrary, they quicken each other's wits; and of what other class of society can a similar thing be said with truth?

Brisk as the demand was for his articles, and well paid for as they were, the habits of his former life kept him a poor man. It was so natural for him to indulge in hansom and good cigars and champagne, that the not doing so was a virtue he never practised if he could help it. Consequently he had been obliged to house himself frequently in lodgings that were distasteful to him, about in various shy neighborhoods such as Camden Town and Chelsea, and even, once when work was slack, out at Camberwell, where he got the blue devils to such an extent that his readers declared his style deteriorated considerably, and public mention of his name was less frequent and honorable than of yore.

But now, after about two years' trial of the pleasures and pains of a literary life, the sun shone upon him in regard to this special subject of a local habitation. A friend of his, a clever and successful young dramatist, and editor of one of the many comic papers which London supports, committed what Mydleton felt at first to be the dire mistake of marrying.

"The boy would have done well, sir," Teddy would say, oracularly, at the Arts, "but he's done for himself now; she's some parson's daughter from the country, and she'll be wanting our friend to write tracts and teach in Sunday-schools. He's made a mistake, and we shall suffer for it, for there isn't another fellow going who can write a comedy that will keep us awake."

And then they (his listeners) gave vent to brief ejaculations expressive of their various degrees of sorrow at the untimely fate which had befallen Vincent Bourn.

But Vincent Bourn went on his way, and some of them felt that way to be not altogether despicable when they were after a time asked down and made welcome to the tent Vincent Bourn had set up for himself in comfortable, secluded, picturesque, and altogether delightful Hans Place. They had established themselves in a corner-house, with a balcony in front of its rounded window. And the balcony and the house were covered with Virginia-creeper and old memories. For "L. E. L." had often gathered leaves from the plant, and had lounged in the balcony with some favored friend. And Lady Morgan, and Lady Blessington, and, a mightier still, Mrs. Norton herself, had crossed the threshold. All of which facts threw quite a halo of romance around her abode in young Mrs. Bourn's imagination, she having, as she was wont to explain, "only known one author before she met Vinny, and that was papa, and, of course, his were not like things that were read, you know." Which ingenuous explanation was a simple statement of the truth, the reverend gentleman's published efforts being condemned to what was doubtless most unmerited obscurity.

This new member of the fraternity was a very fair one. Vincent had fallen in love with her in the course of a pedestrian tour he had taken the previous autumn. Her fresh, bright beauty had fascinated him as he sat at the window of a village-inn one day, waiting for the everlasting eggs-and-bacon to be cooked for his refreshment. He found on inquiry that she was the rector's daughter, and he at once developed an artistic desire to stay and sketch the church and rectory from various points of view. Being an energetic young fellow, he soon carried the fortress. His name already sounded as a rising man, and he had very little trouble in making Georgie Dene believe him to be the greatest literary light of the day.

"You may have her, if you can maintain her," her father told him.

And now Vincent, having satisfactorily proved that he could do this, had her to himself up in Hans Place.

"I hope you'll like Georgie," the young husband said, rather anxiously, to Edward Mydleton, when the latter presented himself in Mrs. Bourn's little drawing-room for the first time.

He was there by invitation to dine at seven, and Georgie was considerably delaying making her appearance in order to give the old friends a few moments.

"Oh, I'm sure to, old fellow," Teddy said, politely. "The chances are that she won't like me; wives always want their husbands to give

up the bad habits of their bachelorhood, you know. I expect to be denied a place in your memory, together with the ballet-girls, and cigars, and clubs, and oyster-suppers, of the past. You have got every thing very jolly about you, old boy," he continued, half-enviously, as he looked round at the dainty, graceful arrangement of the room. "It makes a fellow feel the barrenness of his own life the more," he was adding, when he heard a woman's light step, and the rustle of a dress, and Mrs. Bourn came in.

He had expected the country clergyman's daughter to be more or less tame and uninteresting, even if she happened to be pretty, which Vincent had ravingly declared her to be. There stood before him now a bright-faced, charmingly self-possessed girl of three- or four-and-twenty, who met his outstretched hand and his eyes quite frankly and cordially at once, with the words:

"Vinny and you are like brothers, he tells me. I hope you'll extend the fraternal feeling to me." And from that moment Teddy Mydleton had that saving power in his life, a pure woman's friendship.

"But I fear—O Vinny, I do fear so much that he's going the downward path fast!" she said mournfully to her husband in the course of a conversation some few months after this. "He came in last night after you had gone to the theatre, and he wasn't as he ought to have been; and, when he saw me look sorry, he said: 'What does it matter, Georgie? I'm only a useless, idle fellow; the sooner I do for myself the better.'"

"Yes, he's down on his luck," her husband said, sadly. "Poor, dear old Ted! I wish we could do something for him. You see, he has made an awful mess of it lately on all sides, been late with copy, and written when he couldn't think, much less write, coherently; and the end of it is, that both the *Scorifier* and *The Daily Intelligence* have dropped him."

"O Vinny! and he has no home to go to to be comforted!" Georgie said, pathetically. "My heart bled for him last night; he has come from such a height that he must always feel his degradation more keenly than those men do who owe all the social status they have to their own intellect; he is a gentleman born, and now he has to herd with inferiors who tolerate him. He nearly broke my heart last night by saying he expected we should hear of him as found dead in a gutter one day, perhaps the sooner the better."

"I'll go and look after him this evening," Vincent said, meditatively.

He was considerably wrought upon by that statement of his wife's relative to Mydleton's reckless depression, and he longed to help the poor, desolate fellow. But how to do it? There was the rub! He (Vincent himself) was only a worker, and a very hard worker too. He knew quite well that he would not dare to offer pecuniary aid to the man who had been the heir to thousands a year, and about whom the traditions of class were strong. And other aid would be valueless at present, while he was steeped in that bitter sense of want which is the hard portion of those who are compelled to count even the farthings, much more the pennies.

So that evening, in pursuance of his plan, Vincent Bourn started earlier than was his wont, in order that he might drop in and see Edward Mydleton before the exigencies of his position as a dramatic critic compelled him to put in an appearance at the new burlesque.

It was six o'clock, and the fire was burning dimly in the small grate of the room into which Vincent Bourn penetrated in search of his friend. Some papers and manuscript folios were scattered about the table in the middle of the room, and over the sofa, where Mydleton was lounging, with a pipe in his mouth.

"At work, old fellow?" Vincent asked, cheerily, coming in with a glow of fresh air and animation about him, in the vain hope of the latter being contagious.

"No," Mydleton said, scarcely raising his head, and holding a hot hand out to his friend.

"Will you come and see Gilbert's new piece with me, then?"

"I'm hardly in condition to enjoy a burlesque; thank you," Mydleton said, rousing himself up, and looking straight forward with hard, haggard eyes. "I have done nothing all day but smoke and drink—R. and B. Gilbert's subtleties would be wasted on me."

"Now, look here, Ted," Vincent Bourn said, gravely and kindly, putting his hand on the other one's shoulder to give force to his words; "Georgie and I have been talking about you—"

"Bless her kind little heart!" Mydleton interrupted, with a sob in his voice.

"And I've a notion she won't be too well pleased with me if I don't manage to cheer you up to-night," the other man went on, without noticing the interruption. "Come and dine with me at the Arts, Ted, and then we'll drop in for the burlesque."

Mydleton shook his head, and muttered a gloomy negative to the proposition.

"What are you going to do?" Vincent persisted.

"Nothing."

"Now, look here, old fellow; if you won't talk to me, go and talk to Georgie; you'll be the better for it."

"I'm a worthless fellow, Vinny; but I'm not bad enough to go and insult your wife by my presence when I'm screwed—at least, not when I know that I'm screwed. Leave me to myself, old boy."

"Ted, will you let me help you?" The offer was made almost stammeringly.

"I'm pretty well beyond all help," Ted said, savagely; "I am at the end of my resources, and those fellows don't seem to want any more of my lucubrations."

"Try another paper," Vincent said, hopefully. "With your talent you'll have it all your own way in time."

Mydleton smiled bitterly.

"My dear boy, the next effort I make will be to get a few paltry shillings for more of this" (he touched the empty brandy-bottle as he spoke), "and a very little more of it will do for me; I have lost not only ambition and hope, but self-respect also. I'm broken down, Vinny," he concluded, with another of those sudden sobs that are so inexpressibly touching when they are uttered in what the listener feels must be awful mental agony.

"Be a man, Ted, be a man," Vincent Bourn spoke with tears in his eyes, and a falter in his voice, but he was not the less a man for the fact; "be a man, Ted—shake off this depression, it's a snare of the devil's; shake it off, and don't shun women like my wife. I must go to the theatre, for I'm pledged to have a column on the burlesque to-morrow; but you go to her now, and let her help you, will you?"

"I'll try to," Ted promised, and then his friend left him. But Mrs. Bourn saw nothing of him that night.

"If he roused himself even now, he could bowl the majority of his rivals out of the field," Vincent said to his wife about a fortnight after this; "but he's letting himself drift down the stream at a fatal pace; he began a novel some time ago, and it opened brilliantly, but he won't touch it; he's no motive he says, no incentive. I wish you could get hold of him, Georgie, he's very fond of you, and he'll go to the bad at a gallop if some one won't stop him."

Mrs. Bourn made no answer immediately, but after a thoughtful pause she said:

"Vinny dear, it's dull for me sometimes when you're away all day, isn't it?"

"Poor little woman," he said, caressing her, "yes, I am afraid it is."

"You have heard me speak of my cousin Helen Steele?"

"Yes. She's a pretty cousin, isn't she?"

"Pretty! she's the loveliest girl I ever saw in my life, Vincent," she said, enthusiastically. "I should like you to see her; let me ask her to come and stay with us."

"With all my heart," he answered, and so the matter was settled.

"I hope I'm doing right," Georgie said to herself in a flutter of nervous excitement when the visitor arrived. "It's rather a case of playing with fire I'm afraid," she added, dubiously, as she went forward to meet her guest, and the glorious beauty of the girl burst upon her afresh.

The young lady had travelled up from her country-home in a black-velveteen suit, and a black-velvet turban-hat, under which her violet eyes and golden hair gleamed wondrously. She was a splendid beauty, but she was something more—a charming, wise, witty woman; and Georgie trembled to think of how many men must already adore this "aid" whom she had summoned to develop a little scheme of her own.

"We don't lead at all the sort of life that we used to think was London life when we were girls together, Nell," Mrs. Bourn explained to her cousin that night. "Vincent writes all day, and we go to the theatre very often, and some of his men friends dine with us con-

stantly; that's about all the society we go into. I hope you'll not find it dull."

"I infinitely prefer men friends to women friends," Helen laughed; "tell me about them, Georgie. Fancy your being a literary man's wife! It's too funny; tell me about some of your blooming celebrities."

"And then there's the best and cleverest of them all, Edward Mydleton," Georgie wound up with, after a long dissertation on the merits, looks, personal appearance, and works, of many members of the fraternity to which her husband belonged.

"Edward Mydleton; I don't know his name in print," Helen said, yawning.

"No, because he's been writing for the press only hitherto," Georgie explained, eagerly; "but he has it in him to make such a mark—Vivvy says, if only he worked."

"Oh!"

"Now don't be beautifully calm, and wise, and indifferent about him, Nell," Georgie pleaded.

"Well, I will be enthusiastic when he has made his mark, but I can't be before that, can I?"

"Yes, you can, when you have seen him; he's much handsomer than the majority of literary men. As a rule, they run small and plain, I think; but he's such a fine young fellow, and his fate has been so hard." And then, having fairly aroused her cousin's anxiety, Mrs. Bourn proceeded to tell the story of Edward Mydleton's loss of rank and property.

"And he lives by his pen now?" Helen asked, thoughtfully.

"Ye—es, yes," Georgie replied, confusedly.

"Is he making his fortune fast, like the typical hero in distress?"

"No."

"Why isn't he? O Georgie, Georgie! I suspect he's not half as clever as you try to make him out; if he were, of course he would make his fortune; people always can if they go the right way to work, can't they?"

"Then he certainly is not going the right way to work," Georgie said, hotly. Then she remembered herself. She must not be over-zealous about Ted, or Helen would become suspicious. "The fact is," she explained, lamely, "both Vincent and I are so very fond of him, that we are huffy if other people don't appreciate him to the full at once."

"When shall I see your friend, Georgie?"

"I hardly know; I haven't seen him myself for a fortnight," Georgie said, gravely. Then she added, wistfully, "Nell, I want your help."

"I'll give it; in what way?" Miss Steele answered, in a little tone of surprise.

"I want you to show an interest and to feel an interest in Ted Mydleton."

"My dear Georgie, you forget," the beauty said, drawing herself up, "you are a privileged matron, and can do what you please; but I should lay myself open to the charge of all sorts of absurdities if I went about showing an interest, and feeling an interest, in every young journalist who has known better days." And then the two cousins laughed, and kissed, and parted for the night. And Mrs. Bourn put her head on the pillow with the conviction that she had blundered.

"Ask Ted to dine with us to-night," Mrs. Bourn said, as her husband was rushing off the next morning; "don't tell him that there is any one here." And so, at seven that evening Mydleton sauntered into Georgie's little drawing-room.

The fire was the only light in the room, and the hostess was alone, when he came in, sitting on the fender-stool, buried in thought. She had made her little room as attractive as possible with flowers and fresh white-muslin curtains. "It is well that he should feel what a charm women can throw about things with very little money" had been her thought while she had been making a judicious distribution of her few blooms of cyclamen and geranium and fern-fronds. She was well awarded for the trouble she had taken, when he said:

"How sweet and pure your room looks and smells, Georgie! I haven't seen a flower since I was here last."

"Ted! why do you come so seldom?" She had jumped up and prisoned his hands in hers, and now she was holding him well into the light, in order to read his face.

"O Ted! Ted! will nothing make you careful of yourself? We

love you so; it is so hard on us that you won't take care," she said, mournfully noting the ravages that the last three weeks had made in his appearance.

He stooped, and kissed her on the forehead.

"You dear little thing," he said, "I'm not worth caring about, Georgie;" and then, while she was energetically fighting for him against himself, her cousin came into the room.

"Oh, I haven't told you yet that my cousin, Miss Steele, is with me," the small diplomatist said, carelessly; "this is our friend Ted, Helen—you may call him Ted, too, if you're good."

"Some have honor thrust upon them," Helen said, saucily.

"And there is such a thing as casting pearls of condescension away," Georgie laughed.

"And there is such a thing as being put in the wrong place by one's best friends, Georgie," Mydleton said, quickly; and so they became very intimate and friendly without much trouble.

"What's your programme to-night, little woman?" her husband asked of Georgie, in the middle of dinner.

"The theatre, of course; but which, I haven't settled."

"There are three stalls for the Adelphi," he said, throwing the tickets across the table at her; "will they do?"

"Beautifully.—Ted, you must go to look after us."

"Won't that be taking you away from your work?" Helen asked, with honest interest, and both Vincent and his wife blushed in sympathy with him, as he replied:

"Thank you; but I have no work to do."

"No work! I thought writers always had work to do; my idea of you all is, that printers' devils hover on your doorsteps perpetually," she said, laughing, but watching his face keenly as she spoke.

He shook his head miserably. Her tone of interest in him smote him to the heart, and he could not bear to lower himself in her esteem by telling her that he was one of those whose work was not wanted. He could not bear to tell her this, and weaken, perhaps, the sympathy which she was looking at him so gently from out those sweet violet eyes. So he only shook his head and laughed feebly; and then the two ladies went away to get on their opera-cloaks.

"Why have you done this, Georgie?" He asked the question of Mrs. Bourn, who had rushed into her wrap and dashed down-stairs again before Helen had had time to gain her room.

"Got Helen Steele here, do you mean?" she asked, picking up the gauntlet at once.

"Yes; I'm down already, and if I see more of her, it will only make my life more wretched than it is at present; I shall be sighing for a star—"

"O Ted, work for her, don't sigh only," Georgie clamored. "Dear Ted, I'll confess; I have prayed for you to be what you say you are already 'down' before her; if you love her, as I hope you'll love her—"

"Wouldn't she open those magnificent eyes of hers in astonishment at my presumption? No, no, Georgie, she's not for such as me—"

"Ted, Ted, you pain me so.—Vincent, make him hear reason."

"She looks like a countess, little woman; and you want me, a ruined man, to fall into the error of loving her."

Then she came into the room again, looking radiant, for she was much interested by the manner and physique and conversation of this young literary man who had been the heir to a baronetcy, looking radiant, and rather anxious to note the effect her looks had on him.

It was a regular Adelphi drama that they went to see that night. There was a good deal of virtuous beauty in unmerited distress, and a fair share of flourishing villany. Kate Terry illustrated the former, and all the world knows what she can do with such a part. At any rate, she did a good deed that night, for she helped these two young people to a better understanding of one another.

"I'm such a novice in all these things," Helen whispered to Ted, while Georgie looked away, assiduously, and feigned unconsciousness of their presence; "so what I'm going to ask may be a very out-of-the-way thing; but I should so much like to read something of yours, and for you to lend it to me. Will you?"

"If I ever write any thing worth reading, may I lay it at your feet, Miss Steele? If I ever write any thing worth reading, you will be the cause of my success—my goddess."

These last words were whispered; but she heard them—heard them, and did not resent them, stranger as he was. Their hearts had

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gone out to one another already, each felt; and Georgie's heart palpitated with pleasure when she saw the stride affairs had taken as she ventured to look at them again.

"Do you forgive me?" Georgie whispered, when he was saying good-by to her that night.

"I'll try to; I was a broken-down man when I came here to-night, but her beauty has made me a new man. I'll deserve her yet; try to keep her for me."

Whether he deserved her or not, this much is certain, that he won her. He wrote a novel into which he threw his best, and a publisher paid, and the critics praised, and the public admired, and she loved him for it!—For it, or for something else. At all events, it was to his wife that he addressed those passionate, pure lines of Edgar Allan Poe's:

"On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home,
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome."

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER XL.—GOOD SAMARITANS.

GREAT was the astonishment, and greater the consternation, of the Bellefont household when they heard of the intended departure of Miss Vernon and Miss Tresham. With Miss Lester in especial, these feelings verged strongly on indignation.

"Your sister is absurd. If Mr. Raynor chose to break his leg, surely she is able to nurse him without any assistance from you!" cried this young lady to Miss Vernon. "I thought you might be content to stay with me for a little while; you are not nearly strong enough to travel yet," she said, reproachfully, to Miss Tresham.

Miss Vernon laughed, and Katharine apologized, but they both remained firm in their intention. Bellefont charmed wisely, but charmed in vain.

"We must go," said Miss Vernon, decidedly, and Katharine echoed, "We must really go!"

They did go, notwithstanding all the persuasive eloquence employed by their kind hosts. And, when these last saw that the resolution was firm, they made a virtue of necessity and yielded gracefully, remembering that the law of hospitality is double, and that it is as incumbent to speed the parting as to welcome the coming guest.

"You won't forget us, I am sure," said Mrs. Lester, wistfully, when she kissed the young stranger who had taken such a hold on her heart.

And she was right. In all the years of her life Katharine never forgot the pleasant home which had opened its doors to her in the hour of her need, nor the cordial faces and warm hearts that had surrounded her with kindness and care.

When the last thanks had been uttered, the last farewells—many times repeated—were over, and the last glimpse of pretty Bellefont, crowning its stately terraces, had vanished from sight, Katharine could scarcely restrain her tears. She felt as if she were bidding adieu to peace, as if she were leaving quiet behind her, and turning her face toward turmoil. She had seemed to escape out of that uneasy current of life in Lagrange, to be able to spread her wings for wider flight and freer air, yet, of her own accord, she was now going back—she was now drifting again among the scenes and the people that haunted her like uneasy dreams of delirium, and inspired her with a strange shrinking impossible to analyze and hard to resist.

"I have an instinct approaching to a certainty that I ought to have turned my face in the other direction," she said, to Miss Vernon, as the horses trotted gayly along the smooth road, and she felt that every moment was taking her nearer to Lagrange.

"And I have an instinct approaching to a certainty that you are doing the right thing in taking this direction," answered Irene, smiling. "Now, the question is, which instinct is entitled to the most respect?"

"Mine, I think, since I have a reason for it."

"A good one?"

"A very good one."

"Suppose you let me judge of that."

"It would involve a long story," said Katharine, "and that, I fear, would tire you."

"What, with a day's journey before us, and not even a novel to read! My dear Miss Tresham, what are you thinking of? If you have a story, and if you would not object to telling it, there is nothing I should like better than listening to it, especially if there were any good end to be gained by doing so."

"There is no good end to be gained," said Katharine, "but, since I accept your hospitality, I certainly owe it to you to be quite frank about myself. I don't know what may or may not be said about me in Lagrange, Miss Vernon; but, having so generously extended your hand to me, it is only right that you should be able to judge intelligently of the truth or falsehood of any reports which may be afloat."

"Miss Tresham, if those are your reasons for telling your story, let me assure you that you need not do so. I rarely hear gossip, and I never believe it."

"Nevertheless, it exists; it is heard by everybody, and believed by the vast majority. Mrs. Raynor may like some explanation of—"

"I can answer for Flora, that she will not dream of such a thing."

"At all events, you must allow me to speak," said Katharine, smiling faintly. "For once in my life I have been betrayed by cowardly folly into that tangled web which deception in any form is sure to weave. The sooner I can clear myself of it, the sooner I may be able to forgive myself for having fallen into it. Shall I begin at the beginning, and tell you a tolerably long story?"

"If you insist, I can only be frank, and say that I should like nothing better."

So, as the carriage rolled along the pleasant country-road, with a changing panorama of sunny landscape all around, drifting clouds throwing sudden shadows over distant hill-sides, green valleys on either side, orchards in the full glory of tinted bloom, and dogs rushing out to bark from every way-side house, Katharine told the story of her life, in all its details, to a very sympathizing listener.

These two advanced nearer toward friendship during this day than in all the days of their former acquaintance. For it is with friendship as with love—to be perfect, it has two requisites, congeniality and confidence. Without the former, it is a merely fictitious sentiment; and, without the latter, it is a sentiment dwarfed at best, and restrained. Confidence is a golden key to almost every heart, and certainly a golden link to every affection, let its form or degree be what it will.

Says Miss Thackeray, very sweetly and truly: "If love is the faith, then friendship is the charity of life."

And so these two women were to find it. Neither of them was an ordinary woman; both of them had much of the rare sweetness that is born of strength, and in which a frivolous or petty nature is invariably lacking; and both of them had felt at different times, and in a different manner, the need of a friend.

There had been a certain attraction between them from the first; but they were not quick to come together. Both of them had seen too much of the world for this. When at last the league of friendship—a league which was to last all the rest of their lives—was struck, they made no protestations to that effect. It was understood somehow, and none the less felt and respected because it was tacit.

"Now," said Katharine, when she had finished, "you will do me a great favor if you will tell as much or as little of this to your sister as she requires to know or as you think fit. Remember that I leave the matter entirely to your discretion."

"My discretion, then, will be likely to leave Flora very much in the dark," answered Irene, smiling. "It is better to err on the side of telling too little than of telling too much, you know—at least there is a remedy for the first, but no remedy has ever been devised for the second. I shall tell her just as little as she will be satisfied to hear, Miss Tresham."

Judging from her experience of human nature in general, and the feminine nature in particular, Katharine was inclined to think that this would not be very little; but she thanked Miss Vernon for her

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discreet intentions, and it was decided that Mrs. Raynor's curiosity was, if possible, to be left ungratified.

On the afternoon of the second day, many familiar signs began to show that they were approaching the bourn of their journey—familiar Lagrange scenery around, familiar Lagrange faces on the road.

Miss Vernon saw that Katharine was growing nervous, and tried to reassure her.

"It is very absurd that you should persist in making bugbears of two of the most inoffensive people in the world," she said. "Miss Tresham, do you think I would have asked you to come with me, if I had not been able to promise you a cordial welcome?"

Katharine acknowledged the truth of this, and much more like it; but still she was uncomfortable—as, in fact, it was not remarkable that she should have been.

It was almost a relief when at last the dreaded moment of final arrival came, when the carriage turned from the main-road, entered a wide gate, and, after half a mile of trotting along an avenue so full of sylvan beauty that it looked as if it might have led into the heart of a forest, came to a bridge crossing a pretty creek, a smooth lawn sloping on all sides like green velvet, and the usual country-house, with many piazzas, and wide, cool hall, where Mrs. Raynor was standing in the door waiting to receive them.

"O Irene, I am delighted you have come!" she cried. "I hardly expected you so soon—in fact, I did not know whether or not to expect you at all.—Miss Tresham, I am charmed to see you"—she looked a little surprised, nevertheless—"I am glad that you are well enough to travel. Irene wrote me an account of your illness; it must have been dreadful!"

"I have brought Miss Tresham to stay with us for some time," said Irene, before Katharine could answer. "She looks badly, does she not? We must try to bring back her roses before we let her go.—How is George?"

"Dreadfully cross," answered George's wife, with the most literal promptness. "The doctor says he is getting on very well, however; and, indeed, I suppose crossness is one sign of it.—Miss Tresham, I am very glad to hear that you are going to stay with us. I am only afraid you will be dreadfully bored. I confess I am bored myself nearly to death. Bella and Louisa have been over continually, Irene. They are dear girls, you know; but by no means the liveliest of companions."

"Where is George?" asked Irene.

"In his own room. Will you go in and see him? He will like to hear all the Apalatka news. I will take Miss Tresham up-stairs.—This way, Miss Tresham. Dear me, how pale you are! You must lie down immediately, and take some refreshment. Do you prefer wine or cordial?"

Katharine's mind was soon set at rest on the score of her welcome. Mrs. Raynor was unaffectedly glad to see her—glad of any thing or anybody to break the monotony of sick-room nursing, for which Nature had rendered her singularly unfit.

"George is so disagreeably cross that I am glad to get away from him for a little while," she said, as she sat down in the room into which she showed Katharine, and plainly manifested her intention of remaining some time. "I have a horror of sick men," she went on; "they are so impatient, and ten times harder to manage than sick women, or sick children either. I am so glad Irene has come to relieve me a little. I am very glad, too, that she has brought you, Miss Tresham. I hope you will not let Mrs. Marks deprive us of you soon."

"I shall not return to Mrs. Marks at all," said Katharine, meaning to give an explanation of her position at once. But Mrs. Raynor merely opened her pretty blue eyes a minute, and then rambled on with her own grievances; she had a habit of paying very little attention to what was said to her, especially if she chanced to be interested by something else at the time.

Miss Vernon soon discovered that her sister's curiosity was not at all troublesome on the subject of Katharine. Not to give her too much credit, however, it must be premised that this would scarcely have been the case if she had entertained even a suspicion of any thing unusual in the matter. True, Lagrange was full of gossip about Miss Tresham and Mr. Annesley; but Mrs. Raynor had been full of her own concerns, and had heard very little of this gossip. Besides, Katharine was certainly very "nice." She herself had thought so, and Irene had taken quite a fancy to her. As Mr. Raynor had once

remarked, Irene did not often take fancies, especially to women, and when, by some chance, she did take them, it was an understood thing that they were to be humored. Then, in her present desperate and doleful condition, Mrs. Raynor was so glad to see her sister that there was no doubt but that she would have welcomed the most disagreeable person in the world whom Irene might have chosen to bring back with her.

"I believe there is a good deal of talk about Miss Tresham," she said, indolently; "but, of course, we have no reason for minding that. These stagnant Lagrange people would talk about a straw. By-the-by" (with some animation), "Irene, have you any idea where Morton Annesley is?"

"Certainly I have," answered Irene. "He is down in Apalatka, staying with Mr. Seymour. Why do you ask? Have his good-natured friends been talking about him, too?"

"Indeed, they have; and, what is more, I fancy that Mrs. Annesley and Adela have been very uneasy."

"Uneasy!" repeated Irene, with a curl of her scarlet lip. "Pray what mischief did they think he was likely to get into? Surely he is old enough to manage his own affairs without being kept in leading-strings by his mother and sister."

"They have every disposition to keep him in leading-strings; but I don't think they succeed very well," answered Mrs. Raynor. "He has a will of his own, notwithstanding that he looks so gentle. Adela French was here not long ago—just before George broke his leg, that is—and, although she said nothing on the subject, I could see that she was very uneasy."

"About what?"

"About the danger of his marrying Miss Tresham, I presume. For my part, I never believed that there was any probability of it. I always felt sure that he has entirely too much sense for such a thing."

"It would be the best thing in the world for him," said Miss Vernon; "and, I am sure, it will not be his fault if he does not succeed in doing it. Is Adela French in Lagrange yet?"

"I don't know, but I think not. George has kept me so closely at home" (in an aggrieved tone), "that I hardly know any thing. I will ask Bella when she comes to-day. She may know, and she can tell you all that people are saying about Miss Tresham."

"Thank you; but I have not the least curiosity on that score. I give them credit for any amount of ill-nature, just as much as if I had heard all they say."

When Miss Raynor came, she proved fully capable of retailing all the gossip of which her sister-in-law had spoken. Miss Vernon listened with a disdainful curl of the lip; but still, she did listen; she felt that it was necessary to know exactly what was said of Katharine, in order to use to the best advantage those discretionary powers which the latter had given her. After all, however, the talk proved to be harmless and indefinite enough with all its ill-nature. Lagrange had known nothing; and, therefore, Lagrange had found it difficult to say very much. The chief hubbub seemed to have been raised about poor Morton Annesley. The kind friends, who always know all the particulars on these occasions, had declared, unhesitatingly, that he had "given his mother the slip," and eloped with Mrs. Marks's missing governess. Why he should have thought it necessary to give his mother the slip, or why—if he wished to marry Mrs. Marks's governess—an elopement on either side was requisite, nobody was able to say; but circumstantial evidence being strong against the two, they were formally condemned after the most approved form of popular justice. It was useless to hint (as one or two skeptical people did) that Mr. Annesley had not left Lagrange until two weeks after Miss Tresham's departure. That the wise ladies and gentlemen concerned were ready to reply, was by special arrangement. It was meant to lull suspicion, and throw people off their guard. No doubt Miss Tresham had gone on before to some appointed rendezvous, where Mr. Annesley had followed in due time, and a marriage had taken place. This point being settled to the satisfaction of everybody but the most stoutly incredulous, people became undecided whether Mr. Annesley would take his bride away somewhere (to Europe, probably), or whether he would return, and, with a high hand, "have it out" with his outraged family. Being, as usual, very stagnant for subjects of interest, Lagrange hoped much for the latter event. Parties ran high on the question. Would or would not Mrs. Annesley continue to live at Annesdale? "Mrs. Annesley is a Christian woman; she will bear this severe trial as a Christian woman should, and remain with her son," said one party.

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"Mrs. Annesley is a woman of spirit and self-respect; she will certainly leave Annesdale, and go to Mobile with Adela French," said another party. Chorus of both parties, "What a sad pity for Mrs. Annesley! Such a charming person! Mrs. Marks's governess for a daughter-in-law! Only what she might have expected, however; the idea of inviting such a person to Annesdale! Might have known what would follow," etc., etc., etc.

It was not to be doubted that Miss Vernon felt a considerable degree of malicious enjoyment when, after a month of uninterrupted gossip (to which the only drawback had been a decided and uncomfortable dearth of material), the news fell like a thunder-bolt on the county, that she had returned to her sisters, bringing Miss Tresham—who was still Miss Tresham—with her. At first Lagrange was incredulous, then Lagrange was indignant, and finally Lagrange stood on its dignity, and said things more scornful and slighting than agreeable and complimentary, about the governess who was no longer a governess. Why had she left Mrs. Marks? Lagrange was not curious, by any means; but still, it wanted to know that. Where had she been all this time, and what was the reason that Mr. Annesley had not yet made his appearance? Lagrange did not absolutely request people to tell their story to the marines, who were foolish enough to make statements about brain-fever, and Colonel Lester's, and no connection with Mr. Annesley; but, in its secret heart, it did not believe a word of the whole story, and waited grimly for what it was pleased to call the "upshot of the matter."

This did not come for some time, however. Miss Tresham remained quietly enough at the Raynors', and Mr. Annesley still lingered in Apalika. Poor Morton! That letter of Katharine's, written the night before her departure, had dealt him such a cruel and such a terribly unexpected blow, that he felt cowardly about going back to Lagrange, about taking up again the familiar life from which so much sunshine had gone, he thought, forever. He felt more inclined to remain with Seymour, to spend his days strolling about the woods, with a gun on his shoulder, and a dog at his heels; his nights in talking or not talking to Godfrey, as he felt inclined, while they both smoked countless cigars. It was a dull, quiescent sort of life, but it suited his mood. It was doubtful when or how he would end it; and, all this time, Lagrange talked unceasingly, and Mrs. Annesley's anxiety nearly drove her into a fever.

All this time, too, Katharine was winning back health, and strength, and bloom, and making herself very attractive and very necessary in the Raynor household. The power to charm, the gift of diffusing brightness was hers now as much as ever, and these new friends began to look a little injured when she talked of intended departure. "Why can't you stay?" Miss Vernon would ask; "why need you be in such a hurry to procure a situation? Flora and George are both absolutely in love with you, and both thank me on an average once a day for having brought you here. I am almost sorry to see Mr. Warwick come; I fear, every time, that he may have found a place for you."

"He is trying to do so," said Katharine. Then she added, gratefully: "Mr. Warwick is very kind to me. He is the best friend, by far, I ever had."

"One of the best," corrected Irene. "I am sure he has no better disposition to serve you than—than Mr. Annesley, for instance. He has better opportunity, that is all."

"Don't you think one is apt to be more grateful for realities than for possibilities?" asked Katharine, smiling. "Not but that I am very much obliged to Mr. Annesley," she added. "He, too, has been a very kind friend to me."

"Nevertheless, I see plainly that you prefer Mr. Warwick."

"Do you mean that I am more grateful to him?"

"Well, yes; and that you *prefer* him. That includes liking as well as gratitude, doesn't it? you are twice as cordial to him as I ever saw you to Mr. Annesley."

"He is different," said Katharine, blushing in a manner which Miss Vernon thought quite unaccountable. "I have known him so much longer and so much better. And—and there is no danger of misconception with him. Now, with Mr. Annesley, I felt as if it was necessary to be on my guard all the time."

"Against his vanity, do you mean?"

"Oh, no; how could you think I meant such a thing? Against gossiping tongues, and ill-natured comments, and all that sort of thing. It must be a very foolish woman who does not learn a little discretion from being tossed about the world as I have been."

"I hope you will never be tossed about again," said Miss Vernon. "I wish you would be reasonable, and let it be over at once."

The two ladies were sitting in a pretty morning-room, which opened on the lawn, while they talked in this manner. A soft, spring shower was falling outside, but every thing looked very bright and pretty within, when the door opened, and Mr. Warwick was shown into the room. They greeted him cordially; and, after the first salutations were over, he turned to Katharine.

"I see you are getting quite well," he said. "Are you almost ready for work?"

"I am quite ready," she answered, eagerly. "Have you found any thing for me?"

"I cannot say positively," he answered, "but I have a strong hope of doing so before very long. Have you any objection to going to R— County?"

"I have not the least idea where R— County is; but I have no objection to going anywhere."

"How very obliging you are!" said Mr. Warwick, smiling. But Miss Vernon gave a cry.

"R— County!" she said. "Why, Mr. Warwick, that is so far away, that we need never hope to see her again if she once goes down there. Is it possible you could not find a situation for her nearer Lagrange?"

"It does not at all matter that it is so far away," said Katharine, hastily, for she understood Mr. Warwick's reasons for choosing R— County better than Miss Vernon did. "I—I am not at all diffident about going among strangers," she went on. "Mr. Warwick, do you really think that there is any certain hope of a situation?"

"Read that," said Mr. Warwick, taking a letter from his pocket, and giving it to her.

She opened it eagerly; and, while she read, Miss Vernon was summoned from the room. A little negro boy, whom Mrs. Raynor called her page, came in with a message from "Mass George" of a very imperative nature, necessitating her immediate attendance on that gentleman. She went at once, though it was with some reluctance. "George is spoiled to death!" she said, to Mr. Warwick. "I have no doubt he will send a message for you when he knows you are here. He seems to think that people exist merely for the purpose of ministering to his amusement."

"It is not worth his while to send for me," said Mr. Warwick. "I shall not be here ten minutes longer. Tell him that, if he has any such intentions, if you please, Miss Vernon."

"I will," she said, with some malice, and the door had hardly closed on her when Katharine looked up.

"I like the tone of this letter," she said. "You have answered the questions, I presume?"

"Yes," he replied. "I answered them yesterday. I know Major Wright well," he went on, "and I am sure you will find a situation in his family pleasant. I should not have entertained his proposal otherwise."

"I am sure of that," she said, gratefully. "You think of me a great deal—much more than I deserve."

"Let me be the judge of that," said he. "When Wright's next letter comes—no doubt empowering me to offer certain terms for your acceptance—you will be ready to close with them, then?"

"Oh, yes; most gladly."

"You won't feel inclined to regret that R— County is so far from Lagrange?"

"How could I? The last few months have given me very painful associations with Lagrange." Then, remembering how ungracious this sounded, she hesitated and blushed. "You will come down to R— sometimes, will you not?" she said. "There is no one else I shall care to see."

"I don't know," he answered. "It has been two or three years since I was down there last, hunting up evidence in a troublesome case. It may be two or three more before I have such another matter on hand. Do you think you will remain with the Wrights that long?"

"I cannot tell," she answered, a little wounded by his tone. "A rolling-stone gathers no moss," you know; so I shall endeavor to be a stationary one. Very likely, therefore, you will find me in the Wright household two or three years hence. If so, I hope you will come to see me."

"There is not much doubt of my doing that," said he. "But I

shall hope to see you in a home of your own, no longer a waif and stray of Fortune, as you are now."

She looked at him reproachfully. It was astonishing how they were playing at cross-purposes, these two. He meant to show her that she had no troublesome persistence to fear from him; while she felt aggrieved by the manner in which he seemed to ignore much that she thought he might have remembered.

"You have forgotten," she said, in a low voice. "You must have forgotten a great deal before you could say such things to me. I shall never marry, Mr. Warwick."

Mr. Warwick shrugged his shoulders a little over this positive declaration.

"Why not?" he asked.

"You know why not," she answered. "My burden is heavy enough on myself; I will not take it to any one else."

"Not even if he were willing to bear it?"

"No, a hundred times, no!"

"That is foolish, Miss Tresham. You must forgive me for saying so, but it is very foolish. Your brother has nothing whatever to do with yourself. A man who loved you—a man whom you loved—would never hesitate for such a consideration as that."

"You should not judge all men by yourself," she said, smiling faintly, yet very sweetly. "There are very few who are able to sacrifice themselves as you have proved willing to do. I—I never knew anybody before who was."

"Don't think that I mean to reopen a subject which was closed finally," he said, "when I beg to correct you in the use of that word. 'Sacrifice' means something which we do unwillingly for the sake of another. Now, when I asked you to marry me—don't start! I have not the least intention of repeating that act of folly!—I was making no sacrifice at all; I was simply following the instinct of human nature, and endeavoring to win for myself the happiness I most desired. Take my word for it, that this will be the case with somebody else before long—somebody," he added, kindly, "to whom you may be able to give a different answer."

She shook her head, but something—a most unaccountable something—rose in her throat, and she could not speak.

He saw her agitation, and walked away, to give her time to recover herself.

"Poor girl! no doubt she is afraid of another sentimental scene with a man old enough to be her father," he thought, with a strange mixture of bitterness, and amusement, and sadness, as he stood looking across the lawn, watching the rain as it fell, and the sun as it tried to struggle through the clouds. After a while he turned round and took up the thread of conversation again, with a tolerably successful attempt at cheerfulness.

"You have no idea how anxious poor Beattie is to see you," he said. "It would really be a deed of charity to give her that pleasure when you chance to be in Tallahoma some day. I am sure you don't bear malice, or I would not ask such a thing."

"Bear malice!" repeated Katharine. "What an expression! Why, I am quite as much attached to Mrs. Marks and the children as ever; and I really have not been to Tallahoma because I could not bear to think of not calling to see them. Miss Vernon asked me to go with her yesterday, but I declined."

"You must understand that Beattie has all the time been very anxious for you to return," he said. "It was Marks who made a fool of himself. I can see very plainly that he is sorry for it now. Perhaps the fact of Mrs. Raynor's august protection may have something to do with his change of sentiment," he added, with a smile.

"It has been for the best," said Katharine, a little sadly. "I cannot blame Mr. Marks at all; and I am sure it is better that I should leave Lagrange. I have done little besides mischief since I have been here."

"Will you be good enough to tell me what kind of mischief?" asked Mr. Warwick, with the humorous accent she knew very well.

"Don't laugh at me," she said. "I assure you I am serious. Looking back, I can trace every thing to myself. If I had not come here, there would have been none of this trouble about St. John and Mrs. Gordon, or about Mr. Annesley, or—about yourself."

"And if you had not been born, you would not be living," said he. "If I laugh at you, it is because you deserve to be laughed at for such absurdity! A quickness at perceiving the connection be-

tween cause and effect is a very good thing in its way, Miss Tresham, but it is possible to carry it too far—it is possible to torment one's self uselessly with past and irretrievable issues. No man is wise enough to foresee the to-morrow, or how the events of to-day may influence it. If we act with an honest intention for the best in the present, it is all that God will require of us. Nobody in the world stands alone; life is a very complex tissue, and every human soul influences others directly or indirectly. The conduct of some one else affected the course of your life; your conduct, in turn, affects the lives of others, and so on, *ad infinitum*. If you want to be logical, you must go far beyond yourself."

"You give me comfort as well as teach me logic," she said. "Must you go?" (as he rose). "Well, give my love to Mrs. Marks, and tell her I will certainly come to see her soon. Are the children all well?"

"Quite well, and eager for a sight of you. I may hear from Wright next week. If so, I will come and let you know."

"Thank you." She held out her hand. "You are very good to me," she added, softly.

The tone of her voice, the look in her eyes, haunted him after he left the room, after he rode away, and even after the ordinary distractions of life began to assert themselves once more. It was with difficulty that he finally banished the intrusive recollections.

"I have been a fool once," he thought. "Nothing shall induce me to make a fool of myself a second time. I am old enough to have left such absurdities behind me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STEAMER-DAY.

THE art of seeing a friend off is yet in its infancy, though it is growing apace. It will have achieved its full prime and glory when he who departs shall say simply "By-by," and feel that he has expressed himself fully and intelligibly; no tears will be there, no embraces, no hysterical smiles and laughter, no requests for letters, no prayers for health, but a simple, cheerful "good-by," and perhaps a cocktail.

We have made considerable advances from the time (not long since, by any means) when a gentleman would fondle all his acquaintances and ask the prayers of his church on his departure for Hartford; swift and certain railroading, and steaming, which is almost timed by a stop-watch, makes one callous to the dangers of a journey less than three thousand miles in length, provided it lies in one's own country, and it is hard to extort even surprise or a mild regret when you mention that you start to-day for a tour in the far Southwest, West, or North. Nobody cares; everybody has either been over the identical route, and can give you some little points for the security of your comfort, or has a friend—an intimate friend—in the identical town which you have made your limit, because it was so remote and so curious.

Departures, *via* the ocean, are yet susceptible of radical improvements. True, they have altered greatly since the advent of Mr. Fulton and his lively followers, but it must be better demonstrated that the sea is spacious enough to contain a steamship and an iceberg, or two passing steamships, without the likelihood of collision, before the dear people will consent to tear themselves apart without tears and bewailing.

There is always fun at the wharves on steamer-days in the matter of leave-taking, and one may here contemplate the abyss of despond, grief, and lugubrious sentiment, from which we must soar before the true "good-by" may be commonly uttered in a sensible and rational way.

For instance, take the case of Frederick and Angelina, who go abroad in the—never mind—an hour hence. They come to the steamer attended by half a score of friends, male and female, who might have much better stayed at home. Newly married, you see. Wedding-tour; and these are the bridesmaids and best-men, who, having doffed their garments of joy, have come to make the last few moments in America a period of exquisite torture for their bosoms' delights.

Frederick, with sea-wraps on his arms, is enabled to stand at a distance and smoke, while his friends ply him with secret chaff; but Angelina is obliged to take it. Five bright faces hover over her as

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she sits in the cushioned cabin-seat, pretty, dainty, and a little nervous. Soft eyes beam upon her, and a thousand bright things are uttered, with the weak idea of cheering her up.

The charming five hold her soft hands among them and bend over her, touching her dress and her hair.

"Don't bother to write, darling. It's a great trouble, and you will always be tired with talking those horrid languages. We'll write, all of us. Only remember us when you are homesick, and be sure that we're always thinking of you, always. And, when you get to Ireland, don't forget that thing with the rowdy name, the Blarney stone and St. Somebody's well. Oh, don't we wish we were going; don't we!"

They chirrup and laugh as though they felt altogether like doing it; as though neither of them had gags deep in their throats, or felt as though they would like to go off with their pet and weep in secret. They fee the stewardess out of all sense and reason, and endeavor to make her promise to defend their love from the dreadful sea-sickness.

The love smiles and blushes. She never knew they loved her so, and upon her peaceful mind there breaks the consciousness of the values of home, never before appreciated.

Her voice trembles a little, her lips quiver a little, and her eyes moisten a little, though she tries hard, very hard, to be merry, and essays an obvious fiction with a pair of ivory tablets and a Lilliputian pencil, with which she pretends to check off the matters she has charged herself not to forget.

It is all a farce, or perhaps a melodrama. It is the fault of the backward times that partings are tragical, but Heaven only knows why people pretend that they think them a joke, when both they and all their friends know their hearts are nearly bursting with grief.

Every one does not pretend, thank Goodness! Men and the young people of both sexes are the general culprits, though even they finally capitulate at the last bell, and shamefully out-bellow and out-squeeze the most demonstrative. A woman's soul countenances no such mask. Her pain and sorrow are all carried so that the world may see, and read, and be taught.

For example, there is a sweet-faced lady beyond the short man in the gray clothing; she is not especially hidden, but she has slipped out of the fierce bustle of adieus, hand-shakings, and boisterous tones of the thick crowd around her, and bends low over the head of a boy. He seems a little restless, and a little ashamed of being guarded.

"I'm not a baby, mother. I'm not going to fall ill, or be bad, or stop writing, or get into debt, that I know of."

"No, no, darl—Dick. I know you won't."

She fumbles silently over his two hands, which she holds between both of hers, and can speak no further.

He looks about furtively, with a hand sullenly in his pocket; no one sees him, and so he suddenly puts his arms tight about her neck.

Her strength and fortitude vanish at this, and the bitter pain breaks out. It may add to her after-happiness to remember that he forgot his little boyish pride and felt something of her grief.

This is honest. The little scene is full of anguish to the smallest attribute of a motion, a glance, or a tear. All the poetry of separation lies embedded in this brief act of a moment's duration, and none can look upon it stonily.

I said none; I forgot the man in the gray suit, a commercial traveller.

This person hath tripped over the ocean twenty times, and the pains of departure have dulled upon him. His heart is adamant, his tears are all wept, and his friends are all acquaintances. Emotions do not recommend themselves to him, and he stands in the centre of the cabin like a light-house in the very middle of a storm, calm, undisturbed, and quietly beaming upon the agitation around him. He marks the event of his departure from either shore solely by an extra bottle of porter. He has learned how to select a state-room, a seat at the table, and how to evade one-half the rules of the ship. Has this man any use for sorrow or regret? Not a fig's worth; he rails at it, and becomes a cynic.

He sniffs at the mother and her son. Affection irritates him when the sight and hearing are laden with its manifestations. His gall rises at the prospect of so much unhappiness. He sets out to rectify the world, and begins by observing to his friend in a loud whisper for the benefit of a fond old couple who are sending off a pair of bright youngsters after a foreign education:

"Rough night comin' on, sure. And d'ye mind how low she sets in the water. Dern'd shame!"

The old couple hear and turn around nervously. They exchange whispers, and strain their ears for further observations. Commercial man goes on, grimly:

"Yaaa, deevlish rough. Short, chopping, nasty sea. Cargo principally of grindstones, and all on top. Yankee notions and shoes at the bottom. Now what d'ye think of that? tell me what you think of it. I know what I think of it? I think somebody ought to put a stop to it. Hear the first officer has gone ashore, and the second inclined to follow suit. Keep on this fashion, and we'll go out in charge of the cook!"

The two old people are plainly perturbed, and disagreeable thoughts rise to plague them. They hover over the boys, and gaze anxiously upon the fat face of the bagman. This sublime person remains oblivious of them and their tremor.

"If we only had a gov'ment wuth a row of pins, they'd look after this, d'ye see? But Tammany won't let 'em. Tammany says 'No,' and all these things are winked at, sir; winked at."

The horrors here implied appear so great that the old gentleman can restrain himself no longer. He is full of fear. He lays four gloved fingers upon the bagman's arm with a ghost of a smile.

"Beg pardon, sir; but—but did you say we are to have a storm?"

The old lady's fancy is not suited. She is more direct, but less composed.

"Will there be any danger, sir?"

The two boys produce themselves, and seem to wish an affirmative answer; all dread is swallowed up in curiosity and expectation.

"Well, marm, there you have me."

A short man, with new clothing, a florid face, and polished boots, lends an ear in private. The commercial gentleman expatiates:

"There is just now a stiffish breeze blowing so'cast by so'. Watery sun, bar-rom'ter fallin'. Can't say that there will be any pitchin', but wouldn't take the odds that there won't. Observe that they're screw-in' up the dead-lights, and gettin' out the tarpaulins. On the whole, mem, I think I would"—he stops; reflectively, meanwhile, observing the boys with a prolonged stare—"on the whole, I think I'd stow the kids."

The venerable two are filled with terror, and are about to pounce upon their charges and bear them off to a place of security, when a bombshell explodes upon the air. It falls from the fierce lips of the man in polished boots.

"Gammon!"

The air clears. The bagman knows a sea-captain in any disguise, and the rest respect his tone.

"Rubbish, rubbish! Wind west; dyin' out. Water smooth as a jug o' molasses. Don't send 'em off; give 'em a bun apiece, and let 'em run; that's the talk. Why, I tell ye I wouldn't mind if she was bottom-up in a gale o' wind, backing on a coral reef, with all the crew down with coast-fever, and hungry cannibals in the distance, 'pon my soul. What the devil's the use, sir?"

Too late; the bagman has vanished, and the captain trumps the trick; a hopeful man always will.

Ah, that miserable crowd upon the quarter-deck, so dismally mindful of the huge cables which tether them, the booming cloud of steam overhead, and the meteoric flittings of gold-laced caps. The individuals are intertwined. They hold each other's ungloved hands, and gaze pensively into each other's eyes. Speech suddenly exhausts itself, even when it was thought there was so much to say; but relief frequently comes in the splashing over of the fountains. Eyes, red with constant mopping and big with tears, wander aimlessly hither and thither, singling out and taking leave of familiar objects which tower above the city; resting fondly, perhaps, upon the brown shades of Trinity, the grayish pencil of Grace, or dropping with a flash of amusement upon the audacious sign of Knox the Hatter.

Many there are who have no adieus to make, or no one to make them with. The present trip may be but a joint in a long stretch of travel, and therefore there crops not from the expectant group on the wharf one single upturned face or outstretched hand for them. Not infrequently there are great travellers like Miss Arabella van Touter, people whose years are spent in the unsequestered steamer, rail-car, palanquin, and caravan; and who, being nomadic, have no more expectation of being "seen off" than has the captain of the craft. Observe this lady, for instance. Her seat is by the companion-ladder, at

the top, whence she can rake the vessel fore and aft with her eye-glasses. Miss Van Touter has the name of being rich. She is highly connected, and is lone and lorn. She has a red nose (oh, no, indeed, not on *that* account), a parasol, a gray travelling-suit, and a volume of Emerson.

She is going across her dear Atlantic, for the ninth time, with her own pet captain; and, having secured her accustomed table-seat at his right hand, is now engaged in an intellectual and physiological lark. Arabella is death upon phases of human life, and is in full cry after the poor, tormented things at this very moment. The rubbish which she will deduce will be published at her own expense, if she will consent to leave out the printer's name at the bottom of the title-page. She never declines to talk, for she is fond of taking people's minds to pieces with, as she expresses, her thumb and forefinger, "a cold, dispassionate, insinuating, knife-like analysis, a probe of metaphysical steel, a delicious unflinching dissection of their spiritual beings into so many parts of good, selfishness, self-esteem, egotism, bad, ruffianism, vanity, generosity. Oh, it's so nice!"

She proceeds to try it upon the bagman, who stands beside her, smoking.

"Sir," she taps the rail with the handle of her parasol—"sir, is it not strange that that small thing, the human face, with the general attributes of eyes, nose, mouth, forehead, and cheeks, is so susceptible of variation? Think of the millions of the Caucasian race alone. You haven't a counterpart, I haven't a counterpart, no one has a counterpart!"

"Twins," suggested the bagman.

"Sir!"

She blushes, but recovers. Her experience in life makes it plain to her that no person but a bagman could make such an observation under such circumstances. It required balance, lack of sentiment, absence of veneration. This was a bagman.

"Commercial, sir?" she hinted, softly.

"Yaas. Brown, Black & Barry. Soaps, perfumes, and toilet articles. Big house, ten million of francs annually. Branch noted by Dunn, four big a's, and four little a's. Now that I look at ye, I think I know ye. Laces, shawls, eh? Stooart's buyer, I fancy.—Give ye some advice. Quit the business. Marry. Salary's good, no doubt, but children's better. Going to do it meself. Take a man and be happy. Send ye round some soap by the stooard, mem; perhaps I may come across ye when in want of a bridal veil, and ye can put me in the way of a good thing, cheap, durable, and *ong regale*; come in use for the children some day. By-by, brandy for sea-sickness. Don't drink a thimbleful of this ship's claret, it's beastly!"

This is a failure for Arabella, and it takes the whole voyage to prove herself a lady of society. Henceforth she confines herself to the observation of adieus in rigid and freezing silence. She is in no temper to regard their gross eccentricities and absurd displays of affection in a lenient manner, but she gazes with scorn and aversion upon the tumultuous scene.

"Why," she asks, in her note-book—"why must all weep when relatives depart in search of transatlantic joys? Why do cups overflow when the desires of years are about to be fulfilled? When the abbey, the camels, the empress, and the idolized Newstead, are imminent—why tears? why grief? ah, why, indeed!"

But even Arabella must admit that, when the pleasures of the abbey, the camels, the empress, and of Newstead and their kin, have palled, when one is *blead* and old, bereft of curiosity, and filled with racks and pains, there may then be excuse for rebellion against journeying. Even her amateur cynicism can discover little humbug in the sorrows of such a case.

She bends her scrutinizing eye upon a tormented old woman whose face is wrinkled, whose eyes are restless and bright, whose tongue is sharp and always wagging in a high key at two luckless maids in attendance. She lies in a steamer-chair, clutching the arms of it with two thickly-veined hands, which she raises now and then to assist at imprecations of her aches and tortures. She has a yellow face, a wig, a bonnet with feathers, and a quantity of jewels.

Arabella knows disease when she sees it. She says to herself: "Ema, Bath, Carlsbad."

There is no silly, wretched scene of leave-taking in this case; no gathering of foolish friends to linger eagerly upon the last words of the traveller, or to impress more deeply upon themselves the picture of her face and form. People gaze upon her with wonder and aver-

sion, and even pity flies at the sound of her shrill tones. She gasps, and glares, and shrieks, at the blushing girls, and promises well to be a nuisance on the passage. No sentiment here; no pleasure anticipated, no heart or eye for the beautiful and grand; no hope of welcome; no God-speed; nothing whatever in prospect but—medicine. As opposed to this figure, is another of a gay color, a dashing, handsome young actor, with a fine face, the most ringing of laughs, and the easiest presence in the world. His gay friends of the sock and buskin have gathered around him. Memories of pipes and beer crowd upon them, and the ever-faithful Shakespeare and Tom Moore lend a nameless charm to the long good-by.

The vagrant, ill-conditioned stamp of actor has faded out long ago, and in his time-honored place has appeared the well-dressed and gracious stickler for all the amenities of the most genteel and comfortable life. O ye smooth-faced crew, how keenly ye scent the shekels, and how ye wing your way hither on the first faint breaths of the season!

Nobody grudges them. Talents for talents is fair exchange, and, when you turn your backs upon us to seek again the shades of the Grand Opera, the Princess, and the Haymarket, it is pleasant to know that you carry broad pieces of gold wherewith to lighten your ways through the world.

You never lack palms to clasp, or words to cheer, or faces to regard you with pleasure, and, even nomads as you are, the mysterious sorrow of parting is no more likely to lose its flavor than is the humor of your Falstaffs. Let us return to our adieus.

Observe the old traveller; watch how he will choke off all useless words and acts from the performance proper. A wife and two children accompany him. He has trained them not to weep. He looks cheerful. He smiles. He by no means considers it a joke to be gone two or three months on business, but he also is determined not to make it a curse. He has a hand-bag and an umbrella. He stops his little cavalcade at the gangway and administers a kiss to each of the youngsters, and then purchases oranges for them, to rebut the desire to whimper. Then the wife. Two kisses here, a faint, almost undefinable lingering of his arms about her, but no oranges. Then he squarely turns his back, marches up the gang-plank, coughing slightly to himself. He reaches the top, turns again, raises his hat from his gray head, and blows a comprehensive kiss to the little group below. They all respond with a shout, and paterfamilias disappears from their sight for a hundred days.

Now this is approaching the ideal. I will not say positively that there are not a few secret tears shed in the deep obscurity of a stateroom or in the silence of a chamber at home. We cannot expect to regulate such occurrences, but, so far as the public is concerned, this good-by is very nearly the proper thing.

Not one single other person on the whole dock, and there are two hundred, even approaches this adieu in the manner of treatment. Almost all cry profusely with quick-recurring spasms of violent grief. Some sit and gaze stonily at vacancy, content with the simple contact of hands or arms. A few muffle their heads in each other's shoulders, and shiver convulsively until the non-voyagers are ordered ashore.

Arabella's restless and inquisitorial eye becomes fixed upon one group, and they go down to posterity in her diary. Here comes a very tall and very old man leaning upon the arm of a beautiful girl. They climb laboriously to the quarter-deck and look about, curiously on her part, and aimlessly on his. He is muffled to the throat, and has a cloth cap pulled down close over his ears, and the lappels are drawn and tied under his withered chin. His cheeks are hollow, his eyes large, and his gloved right hand shakes with palsy. Altogether he is a sad spectacle of a withered man.

She looks abroad in quick glances, but is studiously attentive to him.

"How curious they all are, pa! How many, many wretches there are among them! How many are flying from the punishment for crimes; how many from scenes which are awful to them; how many leave hates, heart-burnings, and sorrows, behind! How glad we should be that those who know us love us, and that we shall have such a welcome in such a little while, a very little while!"

His face brightens, and he involuntarily straightens up.

"And here we shall sit on these long seats in the sun, watching the pretty sea-birds which follow us, and the smooth, shining, plunging fish, and see the white sails go past in the distance. Then I shall sing to you; you shall sleep, and then one bright day they will cry

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ent that we have come to England, and we shall watch it grow in the distance—home, dear, dear home!"

Her blooming face glows, and he tenderly draws her to him. He forgets his miserable palsy, his weakness, his sinking heart, and, looking down, wonders to himself if she is an angel; or, if not, wherein one can be, in any manner, better than she is.

Arabella also gets much moral meat from the tempestuous arrival of Mr. Algernon Heavyhead, the last man to come. Eight friends and a valet accompany him. They dismount from two carriages, all drunk, with the exception of the base menial. They lean affectionately on each other, all singing.

Mr. Heavyhead is prepared for sea by being enveloped, as far as possible, in seal-skin. He parts tearfully from them at every step; but they close round him, and stagger forward.

The gold-capped officers hurry them on, for time is getting short.

They descend to the deck with consummate awkwardness. After this, they hug, wag their heads, and drink imaginary toasts. Mr. Heavyhead opens his arms, and cries, jocularly:

"Come!"

Each time he closes them, he catches a new man, whom he pats on the head and sighs over. Then they join hands all around, and give "The Lay of the Bowry Boy;" then, three times three, with a tiger, which, from their inability to count ten, is kept up for minutes after.

Evidences of the imminency of departure rapidly multiply, and a full voice bellows that all must go ashore, ashore, ashore! It is the voice of an executioner; it gives every heart a tug, every eye a fresh draught of tears, every thought a further and deeper reach backward and forward. Every soul turns to do it all over again.

Angelina's passionate bery, with their silks and velvets, their sweet faces and tender voices, fall upon her, and worship her:

"By-by, birdie! Don't forget one of us, and always remember dear America, when you get among the barons and castles. Good-by, pet!"

"Hug me once more, Goosey—a hard, tight hug! Now another, another, and a kiss!"

Kisses are rained upon her, and she is pulled here and there, until quite bewildered, and distracted, and stricken with sorrow.

"Take care of her, Fred!"

"Mind her better than yourself!"

"God bless you, sweet!"

"By-by, for the last, last time!"

"Heaven bring you back safely! Good-by!"

They crowd out, with their eyes bent upon her to the very last, and leave Frederick soothing her. This spectacle fills their maiden hearts with joy. They confide to each other that they think it so nice, and forthwith become enemies of the worst kind to the peace of all young men.

The bagman remains cool amid all the sudden outbreak. The bewailing moves him not. He wants to know—

"Why they let 'em come at all? Wat's the use? This thing ought to be done through a gratin' on the head of the pier, and not made a public exhibition of. Bet a so'pence they was all cats and dogs two days ago, and they'll all be wus as soon as the ship gets out of the dock. All rubbish—rubbish! 'Nough to give one a turn, be ged!"

The old couple assume a stern and lowering demeanor toward the anxious boys, and deliver oratorically the last of a few hundred warnings, but break totally down midway, and grasp the youngsters to their bosoms with a fervor which is not forgotten in after-days. They huddle out violently, leaving the two sitting disconsolate upon the edge of their berth. The friendly captain drinks brandy close by.

The lady in mourning cries, almost upon her knees, and still clinging to her boy, as if he were an anchor from which she was being torn away:

"Oh, never, never forget me, Dick!"

He responds, convulsively, "Never! never!" and bends over her.

She suddenly rises, with a cry, and buries her face in his shoulder, and, kissing him twice or thrice, gathers her long veil in and flies away, and is lost for years.

More Shakespeare and sentiment for the actor. Bottles of port appear. King Lear, Sir Peter, Hamlet, and Sir Giles, together with Fra Diavolo and Fritz, all in the costumes of daylight, revel together.

Full bumpers all around. Health to all managers. Feet of the glasses to the sky! Remarkably warm and hearty hands grasp each other, faces beam, and great characters and talents separate until the next season.

The two blushing maids leave the screaming old lady to her own devices, in order to catch a sight of the footman and driver, who linger, contrary to orders.

The blooming girl, with a swimming eye, takes a stronger hold upon the arm of her father. He looks about confused, but finally wakes from his lethargy, and smiles.

"We're off directly, pa—off for England! The people are hurrying ashore, dear, and pretty soon we shall go. The captain and pilot are on the bridge, and the sailors are about to pull up the plank. They are getting ready to dip the colors, and the people down below all stare up at us. How happy, happy we are!—ain't we?"

He nods again, and a strong flush steals through him and makes him strong.

Mr. Algernon Heavyhead feels that he is fuddled. Still, with a vigor for which he is remarkable, he essays to throw it off. He hugs the jovial eight with dignity. He solemnly promises to keep away from Mabile and Cremorne. He even looks grave at the mention, and shakes his disordered head. But still he smiles at times.

He advises them all to quit the wine when it is red:

"Bad habit; bad headaches; bad for family. Hip—hip—hip—no, don't! For we are jol—what! Get away, you red-whiskered cur!"

He instantly prepares to thrash the officer who hints that the time is about up. Friends interfere, and dissuade him, and he embraces the cur on the spot.

Maudlin tears; exchange of handkerchiefs as mementos. The eight stagger off, while he sprawls over the rail, with his arms over the side, his hat on the back of his head, an amiable smile, tousled hair, and braced legs.

Arabella secretly resolves that he makes a horrid, horrid spectacle, and at once puts down her foot, saying that her sons shall never drink but she recollects herself, and blushes.

Time up; everybody on quarter-deck, speechless, mournful, and regretful. Crowd upon the wharf gape, and wonder how the travellers feel now. Nearly all cry but the bagman. Shawls all handy; handkerchiefs convenient.

Gang-plank comes up much like ancient drawbridge. Sobs all around, and people hurrah. All pull long breaths. Last in a free and glorious country. Nothing like it to be found short of Liberia.

Everybody friend to everybody else. Hawkers off. All the officers bellow at once, and run to look over the side. More sobs; more tears; frantic motions; everybody a wind-mill. Ship stirs. Sorrow leaps up again, like a flame; prayers rush forth; last earnest looks are given. Good-by! Good bless you all! Ship's gone.

LITERATURE OF FICTION.

I.

THE clerical criticism evoked by the death of Charles Dickens, and the new literary and ethical discussion of fiction as an agency and art, have made it apparent that many even intelligent observers, and not a few professed social critics, have quite an inadequate idea of the actual influence of and prevalent interest in novels, as representations of life and memorials of the past; still more limited is the number of those who appreciate the historical relations of the subject, or are thoroughly aware of the progressive development of this class and kind of writings. We propose to survey them as a matter of curious literary interest, and endeavor to analyze their origin and growth until the present remarkable characteristics gave new significance and a much higher and broader aim to the novel of the present day.

To the scholar and philosopher, the origin, progress, and actual scope of this branch of literature are eminently suggestive, appealing to two normal instincts of humanity—sympathy and curiosity. "Story," in the form of tradition, ballad, or romance, dates from the earliest time; it is the first intelligent pastime craved by childhood; it is the last diversion of age; the English laureate, casting about him for a theme, a framework or medium for his tender fancies and noble per-

sonification, goes back to the legends of the Round Table, to Arthur and his Knights—the time-hallowed romance of primeval Britain. The possibility of homely detail gives the prose story an advantage over the poem, though in spirit both coalesce in popular narrative. Remote as the dawn of history, is that species of writing we call the novel; at first, local legend and national adventure—the Milesian tales—Greek fables, Eastern apologues; such romances as Hero and Leander blossom later into Romeo and Juliet, and the Daphne and Chloë become embodied in *Gesta Romanorum*; the classic and Oriental fiction is modified by the chivalric spirit of Western Europe, and the knightly romance both embalms and inspires the heroism of the middle ages; and as the fascinating marvels of the East, permanently represented in the Arabian Nights, formed the oral novel, whereby *raconteurs* of old conciliated despots and charmed the sons of the desert, so, later in Italy, *improvisatori* won applause from fishermen and peasants, and the Italian tales—sources of the English drama—culminated in the finished language of the “Decameron.” Epics partook of this narrative charm, and history was embroidered with romance, or identified therewith; then, too, still earlier, was propagated, through Christendom, the spiritual romance—scriptural stories elaborated and emphasized: the saintly legends and *Contes Divots* followed; Plutarch was romanized by classical enthusiasts and playwrights; and gradually, with the romance of chivalry, of mediæval love and adventure, intermingled the pastoral element, illustrated by Sidney, Guarini, and Sannazarius; characteristic of the lighter inspiration of the Gallic mind, were the *Voyages Imaginaires*, and of the Teutonic imagination—the Fairy Tale; while robust, thoughtful, introspective, self-asserting Anglo-Saxon genius, in the person of Shakespeare, drew from and carried to immortal grandeur, truth, and beauty, the combined elements of history, romance, and human nature itself, in his peerless drama. Thus we can trace, through pagan culture and Christian tradition, from the remote East, along the shores of the Mediterranean, by mosque, castle, camp, convent, tournament, in Tuscan vales, French châteaux, and English homestead, the dim tradition, the mythological fable, the tale of chivalry, the religious story, the German myth, the Spanish ballad, and the British play—this remote, continuous, pervasive element of fable, fiction, tale—whether improvised, recorded in monkish chronicle, or, at last, embodied in print—following the course of history, reflecting the civilization of successive eras, colored and moulded by the climate which gave it birth, and, in the nineteenth century, diversified and expanded into the novel.

The marvellous at first predominates, then the heroic, and, at last, sentiment. Persian and Arabian tales are supposed to be derived from India; in the old Greek love-stories, the “lovers are carried away by pirates;” and I purchased at the town of Sciacca, in Sicily, an old pamphlet, recounting the feuds of two rival families of the place in the middle ages, a counterpart of those of the Capulets and Montagues, and illustrative of a theme whence spring countless local and tragic romances. What may be called the Ecclesiastical Romance was the offspring of the same period; its origin was monastic, and the street story-tellers of Palermo and Naples repeated many a tale borrowed from the Norman and the Spanish Moors. In the eleventh century, the wandering minstrels were the novelists; Charlemagne, Lancelot, and Tristan, were the heroes; Scandinavian *sagas*, on the one hand, and Italian *novelli*, on the other, furnished not only beguiling stories then, but the germ and inspiration of many of our standard plays and poems; while the reaction from knightly romance found expression in the first permanent triumph of the humorous novel, when Corvantes “laughed Spain’s chivalry away.” Then gradually came forth the novel of real life, of manners, of society, of character, differing from the naive, simple, earnest, and romantic narratives of the primitive era, just as the luxurious versatility of our resources and the complex relations of our social and civil life, differ from the classified, limited, and comparatively unconventional existence of that earlier day. In France, Marivaux and Crébillon were succeeded by Marmontel, and he was soon followed by St. Pierre and Chateaubriand; Nature began to find a place in popular romance; then literary aspiration, as illustrated by Madame de Staël, and the historical novel transplanted from Britain, was worthily reproduced by De Vigny, and pseudo-dramatically by Dumas; and while a host of clever *raconteurs* painted with piquancy and grace every phase of life and manners in the metropolis of France, from court and *bourgeoisie* to student and *grisette* life, De Musset, Feydeau, About, and scores of others, the morbid anatomy of Paris life was laid bare by Balzac,

and the most complete and finished art applied to novel-writing by Madame Duderant.

In England, with the decline of the Drama, rose the Romance in popular esteem. Beginning with what we should now regard as the intolerably coarse tales of Mrs. Behn, and such as Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Haywood made the vehicles of the slow transition from stilted to real life; genuine English sense and humor, honesty and faith, began to loom up through political conflicts and religious zeal; and “Pilgrim’s Progress” and “Robinson Crusoe” memorably ushered in the era of romantic fiction, each in its way being characteristic of the unrefined strength and candid faith of the people. De Foe’s story became the exemplar and ideal of objective narrative; for verisimilitude it retains its distinctive fame; its lesson of self-reliance, its details of adventure, its isolated and pious hero, were singularly congenial to the national instincts. The sea and the dissenting chapel, the frugal home and the wandering passion, were then and there the most salient average inspiration of life in England; and these or their influence are the themes of De Foe. His “Memoirs of a Cavalier” widened the ideal of the novel, which Richardson at last fairly launched upon the world, and exhibited, for the first time, successfully combined in prose fiction, those gradations of life and character, and that insight into the workings of passion and sentiment, which distinguish the modern novel from the primitive romance; moreover, he won the common heart because these artistic abilities were exercised “on the side of virtue.” Then came Fielding, more lively and genial in tone—more magnetic, with rare knowledge of character, and a faculty of indicating it distinctly, added to an intimate acquaintance with English life. Smollett followed, far less of an artist—rough, eccentric, and exaggerated; but, with his countrymen’s favorite element—the sea—for an arena, and many faithful pictures; some of his characters brutal, but true to time and place. And now, upon the rich but rough soil prepared for it came the dew of sentiment and the breeze of humor—graceful and vivacious elements whereby thenceforth English fiction was destined to be enriched and refined. To Goldsmith and Sterne we trace these benign modifications; and the “Vicar of Wakefield” and “Tristram Shandy” remain imbued with a fresh and faithful national zest and flavor, which have auspiciously influenced the literature of fiction, and are still dear to all who relish the naive, the pathetic, the true, and the human.

While in France the first development of the modern novel—that is, fiction which includes narrative, interest, character, sentiment, and the graces of style—is traced to “La Princesse de Clèves,” a story both agreeable and purely fictitious, descriptive of the era of Henry II, by Madame de Lafayette, and “Zayde,” in the same vein, soon followed by Voltaire’s “Candide,” in England, the pioneer novelists of sentiment and manners were succeeded by an attempt to modernize the mediæval romance in Walpole’s “Castle of Otranto,” to daguerre-type social life in the epoch of the Georges in “Evelina,” and Miss Burney’s other once popular and still characteristic tales; and then the romantic element, more or less verging on sentimentality, found expression in Miss Porter’s “Scottish Chiefs” and “Thaddeus of Warsaw;” Monk Lewis dealt extravagantly in the mysterious and morbid, and Ann Radcliffe added to picturesque and impressive scenic description a sense of and capacity for awakening latent superstition, which, with all her artistic faults, make her individuality in the literature of fiction emphatic and permanent. From the passion for the marvellous and the sentimentalities of the Minerva press, there was a memorable reaction. William Godwin essayed successfully to make fiction attractive through the medium of other passions than that of love; and his “Caleb Williams” is a notable landmark in the wide field of English novel-writing, not only on this account, but because he introduced an introspective and philosophical element. Accustomed, as we are, to greater animation of style and less detail of reflection, the story appears elaborate to tediousness; but, in its day, the thought, the style, and the characters, won admiration from the thoughtful and patient reader. Sir James Mackintosh and other eminent men have recorded their high estimate thereof. And then came that series of domestic tales and illustrations of national life, in which strong common-sense and clever local and personal sketches revealed the possible practical and authentic scope of the novel. Probably no writer of fiction ever influenced more directly domestic morals and educational principles than Maria Edgeworth; her name was endeared and honored in two hemispheres; but there is in her works a material and uninspiring spirit, an exclusively prudent ideal, which revolts warm

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youthful sentiment, chills enthusiasm, and with it faith; while her purity and practical good sense, her bright perceptions and instinct of usefulness, with her ready wit, make her works standard, and, in their own sphere, suggestive of certain genuine phases of local character and modern life. Good Hannah More essayed to teach morals by tales now quite neglected. But the possibility of uniting a perfectly faithful, and, at the same time, feminine observation; of delineating the familiar and characteristic so truly as to make them interesting without the glamour of romance or the predominance of sentiment, was reserved for Jane Austin. Her novels, without pretence, minutely and artistically reproduce that every-day experience, that provincial routine, that average character of men and women in a rural English county, which later writers have elaborated but never excelled; her scope is limited, but within it she is a true artist and a genuine woman; and no novels of a past generation are reperused more frequently or with greater zest.

From these several types of fiction have sprung a countless progeny, including pictures of every land, photographs of local manners, illustrations of opinion, vindication of creeds—every form and phase of experience; thus Galt and Miss Ferrier, Hogg, Allan Cunningham, Wilson, and Moir, with many later writers, have depicted the history, habits, scenery, domestic traits—the “lights and shadows”—of Scottish life; Lady Morgan, Griffin, Lever, and others, of Irish; Hook, Ward, Bulwer, Disraeli, Mrs. Gore, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Trollope and her sons, Horace Smith, Brooks, Jerrold, Miss Mulock, Miss Sewell, Maryat, and scores of others, of English; Beckford made Oriental life, Kingsley heroic aspiration, Mrs. Gaskell humane reforms, Wilkie Collins the latent drama of life, Reade special social abuses, and a host of female novelists fashionable life in Britain—the theme and inspiration of a long series of popular fictions—each writer bringing to the work diverse gifts and a singular personality of style; some remarkable for scholarship, others for tact, this one winning by virtue of pathos, that by satire; minute fidelity in one case balancing eloquent generalization in another: and each having a special claim, a peculiar charm, and a characteristic talent whereby, while a separate and often enthusiastic allegiance was secured in the world of readers, the liberal, sympathetic, and eclectic, found in all some trait or triumph, some knowledge or sentiment, some art or idiosyncrasy, to appreciate with relish or recognize with gratitude.

The predominance of a special form of intellectual activity, no less than its occasional permanent triumph, evinces the popular sway, whereto all clever and ambitious men tend. Thus, in the middle ages, in Italy, to excel in soldiery or art was the dominant passion; and while a score of immortal names signalize the reign of painting and sculpture, hundreds illustrate the prevalence of the vocations. To become a popular novelist has been characteristic, not only of literary, but of political and social ambition in our day. Two Englishmen have memorably shown what culture, tact, perseverance, and cleverness, without special gifts for the work, can accomplish—Disraeli and Bulwer. None of the verisimilitude of De Foe, the feudal inspiration of Scott, the ability to catch the “living manners as they rise” of Miss Burney or Miss Austen; neither the human sympathies nor the artistic aptitude, the satirical talent or the dramatic power which make Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Charles Reade legitimate *raconteurs*, justify the persistent and clever men of the world, of Parliament, and of society—the authors of “Pelham” and “The Young Duke,” in entering the field of fiction; it has been their accidental, not their native arena; and therein they have made evident how much may be accomplished by fertility of resource and a resolute will; the one through brilliant pictures of society bound together with no dramatic skill and vivid scenes of life and Nature, not emanating from but grafted upon a thin range of story, yet warmed by eloquence and enlivened by wit and verbal skill—the other through experimental imitation, patient endeavor, wealth of literary material neither fused nor harmonized by the art which rounds and realizes such elements into unity and life. Episodical novelists may Lord Lytton and Mr. Disraeli be justly called; their characters do not become distinct household favorites; their magnetism is not pervasive like that of *Boz*, nor their cynicism proverbial as that of “Vanity Fair;” but they combine associations, work veins of speculation or fantasy, decorate, declaim, and describe, so as to allure, suggest, impress, and dazzle, and so gain the eye and ear and feed the appetite for what is curious in character and attractive in situation and eloquent in utterance. Each succeeded after repeated failures in oratory; one became a suc-

cessful playwright; both, by pluck and patience, and despite a love of pleasure, and frequent physical infirmity, shone in bright, however meteoric glory, in the sphere, not of song, but of the ideal speculatively and cleverly applied to the real. Their versatility alone proves them more clever than gifted, with adaptive rather than original talent, inspired by circumstances rather than conviction. They have utilized, to the highest degree, all they possessed within and acquired without themselves. Disraeli's ideal is intellectual autocracy, which he illustrates by romantic sentiment, as in “Tancred,” and by comic touches, as in “Vivian Grey.” Bulwer's ideal is a factitious but richly-endowed gentleman. Both are literary artificers rather than artists, but so industrious, fanciful, persevering, worldly-wise, and adroit in appealing to sentiment of all kinds, that they are among the most remarkable of conventional magnates in the sphere of popular literature. Thus, Lord Lytton has tried his hand at almost every kind of novel—the political, the historical, the naive, after the manner of Sterne, the novel of society, of travel, of taste, and of speculation; and in each has so far succeeded as to interest, amuse, repel and fascinate, vex, and vanquish a very large constituency of readers; and to do this without the infectious geniality, the realistic intensity, the genuine pathos, or the delicate characterization, which have made the reputation and yet endear the works of the masters of fiction, is a triumph of toil and talent, tact and tenacity, rarely equalled, and one which demonstrates the value and the charm of this medium and method of literary success.

It has been said of Kingsley that “his very rhetoric is surcharged to the extent of a vehement mannerism with the phrases of his theology, and there is not one of his novels that has not the power of Christianity for its theme.” Indeed, they may be regarded as a conducive, practical argument in favor of the novel as an ally of the pulpit; for, to the author of “Hypatia” and “Westward, Ho!” is to be distinctly traced that new form of liberal development, mental, bodily, and sympathetic, which is called muscular Christianity.

But no historic programme of the subject would be authentic and complete without taking into view a grand intervening phenomenon between the earlier and later English novels—the advent of Waverley; and also the two contemporaneous and but recently-deceased authors, in whose exceptionally-popular works the peculiarities and the progress of English fiction culminated—Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray—three names which are most signally representative, not only of the influence, but of the art; not only of the success, but of the historical, social, and moral significance of this branch of literature in our day.

The great revolution and the memorable period in the history of modern fiction dates from the popularity of Sir Walter Scott—the founder of the historical novel; and, however later criticism may challenge his accuracy, his style, and his uninspiring motives, the fact remains that, by applying the charm and the chance of story to the annals and traditions of the past, and imparting thereto the vivid local color and strong national personality which feudal instincts and patriotic love could only inspire, the “great unknown” became the most familiar and endeared of popular writers; and his country, described, illustrated, haunted, and hallowed by his genius, became a new “Mecca of the mind.”

A new dignity as well as zest was thus given to the literature of fiction; and Scott's example was followed both in Britain and on the Continent, until the historical novel became a vast medium of knowledge as well as a favorite source of amusement. Victor Hugo and De Vigny in France, Manzoni, d'Azeglio, and Guicciardi, in Italy, scores of more or less clever writers in England, thus embodied the episodes of history, and made architecture, portraits, costume, family and civic documents, local manners and legends, the basis of winsome tales, freighted with national triumphs and trials, which brought the past forth in vital relief and magnetic relations. It has been long the fashion to ridicule the fecundity and monotony of G. P. R. James; but that is owing more to the rapid succession than to the intrinsic demerits of his novels. They still truly and often attractively picture memorable eras and characters; apart from formal chronicles, for instance, the times and the men and women of early French history can nowhere be better known and realized than through the pages of “Philip Augustus;” and the mastery this urbane author had obtained over the details of costume, law, usage, language, and mainers, in the far past of his own country, was signally proved during his residence among us, when he wrote an elaborate historical novel illustrative of Monmouth's rebellion, in a secluded New-England village, where he

had access to no book which yielded any facts of the period and places so well described.

In addition to this voluminous writer, the school initiated by Sir Walter in half a century has flooded the circulating libraries with historical novels too numerous to specify, and yet including many authentic, well-studied, and attractively-executed works. In France, not only was this form of literature suggested by the author of *Waverley*, but the great literary factions—the classic and romantic—found therein their chosen arena and most brilliant scope.

A curious student of the diverse method of treating a single eminent personage as a subject of literary art, might find a suggestive experience in comparing the portrait of Richelieu, as exhibited in his memoirs, in the formal history of his time, in the popular play of Lord Lytton, and in the two historical romances of James and De Vigny. As to the immediate interest and pervasive charm awakened by the successive novels of Scott, the elders of this generation need no account thereof, as it is the strongest literary association and enthusiasm of their childhood, and is pleasantly recalled in a lecture delivered by the late genial and lamented Judge William Kent to the young men of Albany, and devoted to his early recollections of that city, its society, courts, and amusements. "We saw," he remarks, "by the English papers, that a new work by the author of '*Waverley*' was in the press, perhaps '*Ivanhoe*' or '*Rob Roy*;' we learned next, at a considerable interval, of its arrival in New York; finally it appeared in Albany entire, and was given to the school-boy for his two dollars painfully saved up and accumulated through many temptations. But the young enthusiast was repaid for his privations, and elevated by the enchanter's spell above sublunary cares; school tasks, ferules, parental admonitions, were all forgot, as he roamed with *Waverley* over the Highlands of Scotland, or charged with *Ivanhoe* in the lists of Templestone, or reclined with *Saladin* by the Diamond of the Desert, under the sultry sky of Palestine. I confess I feel for Sir Walter the debt of immense and endless gratitude. I traced his subsequent life with filial interest." Such personal tributes abound in the memoirs of the age, and indicate a scope and reality, not of fame merely, but of influence, which vindicates the claim of fiction to that esteem which any potent and pervasive agency upon human society justifies. I once heard another eminent member of the legal profession describe and define at length the process of constructing and creating a genuine historical novel, taking Scott's as his model; and when he analyzed the means and method, the preparatory study of accessories, the composition or outline of the whole, the grouping, the special characterization, the central figures, the perspective, foreground, distribution of light and shade, subordination of parts, dramatic crisis, unity of effect, and vital glow of action and color—I could not but admit that, both as a pure literary achievement and a process of conscientious art, a first-class work of this order demands a very rare union of mental gifts, moral sympathies, and verbal tact, combined with that sublime patience which Buffon identifies with genius.

The most superficial observer of English life and character sees and feels—clearly and deeply, in proportion to his insight and sympathy—that the great need to insure any approaches to social regeneration, is some method or means of fusion, some influence that will melt away the veil spun by ages of caste and class, of feudal tradition and national reserve, whereby the prosperous and the degraded, the wealthy and indigent, are not only kept apart, but made to live in mutual oblivion or of indifference to the duties and the compassion which humanity dictates and Christianity demands. An American in England, when he turns from the solemn charm of the cathedral, the winsome verdure of the country, or the splendor of metropolitan wealth and fashion, continually and instinctively meditates a problem which one of them thus expresses: "I wonder how many people live and die in the workhouse, having no other home, because other people have a great deal more home than enough?" Now this momentous question has been met ineffectually by partial legislation, by agrarian doctrines, by formal pulpit appeals; unsolved, practically, it may and must long remain, but, meantime, the only way to evade its fatal pressure, to ward off its desperate encroachments, is to awaken and secure individual co-operation, a sense and sentiment of responsibility among the favored of fortune; in a word, to kindle and propagate "good-will to men." Literary art has often essayed this humane emprise; Crabbe laid bare, in verse, the life of the poor; publicists and philanthropists have arrayed the statistics of crime and

misery in portentous detail; preachers have elaborated the ethics of charity from the Gospel; but sturdy, reticent, obtuse John Bull went on his way with stolid indifference. Charles Dickens found and used the needed solvent for this social hardihood; he applied humor to fiction, and the latter to life, thereby winning as he warmed, teaching as he amused, convincing as he reported—for, after all, he was from first to last essentially and primarily, in a high artistic sense, a reporter—the medium of revealing to one half the world the knowledge of how the other half lived; others preceded, accompanied, and followed him in the vocation, some with artistic, others with satiric force and fealty; but he added to an artist's equipment the power of caricature, the tact of communication, such an eye for the ridiculous as gave birth to merriment, while simultaneously the grave fact beneath the surface, the central truth of human brotherhood, glowed through and around the picturesque, the comic, and the characteristic; and so he brought the extremes of English life face to face—not reproachfully or dogmatically, but graciously, earnestly, tenderly—making every comfortable and prosperous household feel and know what possible help and happiness may radiate from benevolent affection, humble trust, faithful love, cheerful self-reliance; and how the individual exercise of these virtues can brighten life, elevate destiny, purify and pacify the restless soul. Thus he freshly and memorably demonstrated the normal fact that lies at the basis of all genuine poetry and all impressive fiction, and which has been well stated by our own most finished romance-writer: "The great conservative is the heart which remains the same in all ages; so that commonplaces of a thousand years' standing are as effective as ever;" and not the less truly has the same introspective mind recognized the latent source of such human creations as "make the whole world kin," as not to be evolved from mere will and cleverness, but in art as in life—"a happiness which God out of His pure grace mixes up with only the simple-hearted, best efforts of men." Not only by virtue of humor did this friend of humanity break through the strongholds of conventionalism, and bear his message to power and prosperity in behalf of poverty and serfdom, but he eminently illustrated the requirements and the results of true art; he largely possessed the dramatic instinct—could enact as well as draw a character, and had but to collect the materials, in order, by means of this gift and aptitude, to vitalize his subject; and how patiently, with what method and magnetism, he sought and found both the still and real life he was thus to embody! No painter ever wandered about the Alps or haunted Italy to seek and seize their marvellous pictures with more eager observation than Charles Dickens explored the highways and byways of his native land, nervously walking to and fro, here and there, and gathering up into his brain every phase and feature, to be wrought into realistic verisimilitude, and made alive by dramatic vivacity. To understand how the modern novel has expanded into an authentic reflection of actual life, and risen to a mission of social amelioration, we have but to follow the author of "*Pickwick*," first as a keen and persistent observer, then as a faithful and emphatic reporter, and finally as a humanitarian and a humorist in artistically combining and reproducing the facts, follies, aspirations, degradations, wrongs, graces, and benignities of human life. Some of its scenes he never mastered, many of its class refinements he missed, and often there is extravagance in his caricature; but these are casual defects: the peculiar genius of the man, and especially the spirit he was of, brought to a triumphant culmination the art and influence of the modern novel, because he combined with other requisites those rare and rich elements of humor and sympathy, whereby his work became more prevalent and popular, and his name more of a household word where the English language is spoken, than any predecessor or contemporary, however superior in culture or peerless in special qualities. Such is the vantage-ground which Humanity secures to Fame; her interpreters and representatives are her legitimate priests, whereof Shakespeare is the chief; and, however humble their scope, the heart-inspired limner of life, living, is the recognized friend of the people; and, dying, is "gathered to the kings of thought."

As the magic wand of humor at once enchanted a vast audience for Dickens while still in the vigor and flush of youth, the keener and colder spell of satire simultaneously gathered for Thackeray a host of admirers. He attained success through a weary ordeal, and reached it when the world had been too much with him, and its pleasures and disappointments had sharpened wit and hardened sentiment, so that he interpreted life from a somewhat cynical stand-point, and dealt with the embittered and reckless, the selfish and the weak elements of

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human nature, with an emphasis as remarkable in its way as the sympathetic and fresher inspiration of his illustrious contemporary. Besides experience, which furnished Thackeray with his studies of character, he had the artistic endowment—not that which gives birth to the exquisitely beautiful, but to the conventionally true, the morally grotesque, the morbidly perverted; he delineated that social monstrosity—a selfish woman—to the life; he satirized a stage-struck youth; he photographed the decayed gentleman, the clever and unscrupulous adventurer, the man of the world; the form and phase of humanity which a wandering life, the atmosphere of clubs and studios, the habit of “taking off” people with pen and pencil, bring to light; and his “Vanity Fair” marks a new and incisive era of the English novel—more piquant to jaded sensibilities, and more in accordance with the materialism and sordidness of the age, than more benign and romantic fiction.

The fact that two such popular representatives of diverse schools of fiction were contemporaneous, has been productive of rich and curious literary results: it has given birth to countless imitations of both, and it has elicited the most trenchant and exhaustive criticism; but, after all the comparative and more or less antagonistic estimates of Dickens and Thackeray, they ought no more to be compared intrinsically than the eminent painters whom we are content to accept on their individual merits as belonging to distinct schools. Let it be admitted, with the critics, that Thackeray is “terse and idiomatic,” “closer and harder,” while Dickens is “diffuse and luxuriant,” and “looser and richer;” that Thackeray has more clearness and finish in his landscapes, and Dickens more “visual weirdliness;” that the one excels in “bracing sense,” and the other in “sentiment;” that Thackeray “sees the mean at the root of every thing,” and is the philosopher of “profoundly-reasoned pococurantism” and the satirist of snobs, while Dickens discovers the genial element in the rudest nook of life and character, and advocates the philosophy of “anti-puritanism”—they vindicate respectively their own individuality; and the tone of their writings is a genuine evolution of consciousness, authentically indicative of the two sides of human experience—the cynical and the genial, the *blasé* and the spontaneous, the critical and the benign, the real and the ideal.

It is frequently asserted by critics, and especially by British reviewers, that American life and history are too new, crude, and monotonous, to afford the requisite scope and inspiration for novels of any richness of characterization or picturesque flavor. No statement can be more superficial or unsustained. The aboriginal, colonial, border, political, and some aspects of the social life of America, include vast possibilities of romantic fiction and original local limning; her multiform civilization, her variety of climate, her scenery, the spirit of independence, self-reliance, enterprise, experiment, and freshness incident to a new, free, and vast country; and the representative nationalities born and bred of European emigration, yield a wild and salient field of descriptive, narrative, and dramatic material. That this has been but imperfectly cultivated by the novelists of the land, is true; the discouragements to exclusive literary pursuits are many, even where the requisite talent exists; yet, a candid seeker will find numerous and but partially-appreciated exemplars of fiction, based on and illustrative of American life, annals, manners, and character. It would not be a difficult task to collect quite a library of tales which faithfully embody the traits, trials, sentiment, vicissitudes, and forms of family and individual existence, peculiar to this continent. Even during our brief career as a nation, we have produced writers in this department, that unite a European reputation with a home and household popularity. Brockden Brown wrote when no popular taste for light literature had developed; he was an isolated author, yet he left a series of fictions still remarkable for their verisimilitude, their introspective vein, and a certain local and logical power; ventriloquism, pestilence, and human individuality, are therein very curiously illustrated—not with elaborate art, but with reflection, with acumen, and imaginative skill. Soon after, Richard Dana, senior, and Washington Irving, wrote finished and pathetic tales, some of which have a classical grace. Many of his countrymen, of the present generation, think of Cooper only as an unwelcome critic of their faults, and the author of those later novels which were but partially vitalized by his genius. But his pictures of colonial and revolutionary days, his delineations of forest and pioneer life, and his sea-stories, have a veracity, a freshness, and an originality, which have made the scenery and the primitive people of his native land familiar all over

Europe; they have a genuine native force and flavor, and they conserve aspects and traits, scenes and characters, of virgin vigor, interest, and significance. His “Leatherstocking” and “Tom Coffin” are original and emphatic creations. Paulding has quaintly and truly illustrated the early Dutch life of New York; Melville, both the romance and the science of the whale-fishery; Holmes, certain local and personal facts and phases of New England, whose more simple and rural resources and characters found a truthful and gracious interpreter in Catherine Sedgwick; Charles Hoffman has written a most suggestive and historical romance of the Mohawk Valley; John P. Kennedy has most charmingly photographed the colonial life of Maryland, and the manorial life of Virginia; Flint, that of the earlier settlers of the West; Simms, of the South; Dr. Bird, of Kentucky as well as Mexico; and the sanguinary struggle which laid slavery in its grave, was ushered in by the world-wide recognition of its enormities, induced by the vivid story of Mrs. Stowe; while a crude but singularly powerful and plaintive record of the most vital local coloring and latent human interest, from the pen of Sylvester Judd, inspired the most artistic illustrations yet produced by a native limner; in dealing with the weird and the marvellous, Poe struck a new and fascinating vein in the literature of fiction; while to the solid basis of local history and manners, Hawthorne brought the deepest psychological insight, the most intense human sympathy, and the highest literary finish, thereby creating standard romances of New England. Scores of popular writers, in other departments, have experimented in the same field among us; some anonymously, and many with but partial success, and yet each contributing an element, quality, or grace, which, by perseverance or auspicious circumstances, might easily have blossomed into as acknowledged merit as distinguish their productions in fields more congenial to their powers; Allston, Dunlap, Wirt, Longfellow, Motley, Willis, Wallace, Mitchell, Esten Cooke, Bayard Taylor, Kimball, Fay, Beecher, and scores of popular tale-writers, are instances. William Ware’s classical romances are fine exemplars of reproductive scholarship, imbued with chaste expression and pure sentiment. And it would be easy to enumerate a bevy of female writers who have enriched and elevated juvenile literature in this department, and exhibited, in brief narratives, an observant, sympathetic, and sometimes characteristic invention and taste, worthy of adepts in fiction.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

WITHIN A YEAR.

I.

LIPS that are met in love’s
Devotion sweet,

While parting lovers passionately greet,
And earth through heaven’s are more swiftly moves—
Oh, will they be less dear
Within a year?

II.

Eyes in whose shadow-spell
Far off I read

That which to lovers taking loving heed
Dear women’s eyes full soon and plainly tell—
Oh, will you give such cheer
This time a year?

III.

Behold! the sullen year
Will naught reveal

Of its set purpose, if for woe or weal,
Though flowing swift as waters o’er the weir—
Mayhap the end draws near
Within the year.

IV.

Yet, darling, once more touch
Those lips to mine.

Set on my life that talisman divine;
Absence, new friends, I fear not overmuch—
Even Death, should he appear
Within the year.

G. P. LATHROP.

SCENES IN ACAPULCO.

A CERTAIN air of mouldering romance attaches to all the towns of the western slope of the Mexican Cordilleras. I doubt if to any—except, possibly, Panama—this appertains in greater degree than to Acapulco.

Thrice visited by me—first, in 1854; then, in 1857; and, lastly, in 1863—it has served, each time more vividly, to confirm the impression suggested by a tour among these regions—that of a country abounding in all the elements of greatness, once the dependency of the wealthiest and most civilized of nations; now, alike with many of the cities of the Old World, sunken in poverty and decay. Its buildings are in ruins; its walls, except in the modern localities, overgrown with decaying vegetation. It was from this port that, in the olden time, the “annual Acapulco ships,” spoken of in the narratives of the ancient voyagers, were wont to sail on their return to distant Cadiz; and it was in this vicinity that the vessels of the buccaniers—Drake, Cavendish, Dampier, and others of the legalized piratical fraternity—used to lurk, in wait for the Spanish galleons of that day, when millions in gold and silver were the prize of the daring adventurer.

In those primitive times, duly-authorized agents planted holy crosses, sung the “Veni Creator,” blessed the holy water, as they do now, and set zealously to work making proselytes and exploiting the mineral riches of the interior—perhaps, after all, only to enrich the coffers of some predatory rover of the seas—as described by Vizcayno, Coronado, Ulloa, and others.

Dull as is the general aspect of affairs, the scene upon the arrival of a steamer at Acapulco is lively in the extreme. Some magician seems to have waved his wand above the place; the olden town shakes off its lethargy; the inhabitants start from the slumber in which at least half their time is passed; and the beach in front of the little antiquated town swarms with as odd a collection of humanity as ever presented itself to the eye of the traveller.

The town itself is situate on the western slope of a little landlocked bay, entered by a sharp, narrow passage, within which the ship is anchored. Above us smile in an amphitheatre the rounded hills which overlie the city, clad to the very summit in verdure of deepest hue, from amid which is barely visible the fort which, in 1863, so valiantly repulsed the French in their bombardment, causing them to retire precipitately, and, in so much, contributing to decide the fate of the war.

Usually, on landing, we found the people engaged in a “revolu-

tion,” some chieftain or other having issued a *pronunciamiento*, at which signal the population immediately divides itself into two separate factions, and betakes itself to fighting. The bulletins of the rival leaders are couched in grandiloquent terms; the drums beat, the bells ring, and all is confusion. Several only are killed, however; the unsuccessful chief, if caught, is shot in *cuartel*, and things return to their usual stupor. At the time of my last visit a consolidation of sentiment had taken place, not only here, but throughout the country. Owing to the French invasion, all the insurrectionary chiefs, with a single exception, having given in their adhesion to the Juarez

Government, which was offering a vigorous and general resistance. The name of Comonfort was on every tongue. When I sighted the hills I felt curious to know if time had effected any change. No. As our boat drew near the shore, amid a fleet of other boats, canoes, and bungaloes, the bells were ringing, and the beach, as of yore, was lined with crowds of the natives in various attire. There, even, was my pretty shell-vender, grown to be a woman now, with a gait that would have done credit to an empress. These shells are of all the most beautiful varieties and shapes; but that which possesses most value is one of a kind which I myself, one day, while clambering among the rocks in the vicinity, picked up. It was worn by attrition until the rough outer coating had in places entirely disappeared, revealing all the brilliant yet delicate silvery tints of the purest mother-of-pearl. As the shells of which this was a specimen promise to enter extensively into the commerce and manufactures of this coast, they merit a more particular description.

These shores, as well as those of the islands extending some hundreds of miles north and south, produce a beautiful shell, called by the natives *concha Abalone*, which is used in the manufacture of *papier mâché*, and for the ornamenting of *porte-monnaies*, work-boxes, card-cases, and similar objects, into which it is laid with the most beautiful effect. They are now familiar enough in our magazines of *bijouterie*; but, a few years before the great discovery of gold, they were considered a rarity, and were only to be seen in the hands of whaling-captains and others who had visited those distant shores. They are not peculiar to this coast, but are found also in Japan. When first taken, they present outwardly a dull clam-shell color, only here and there displaying within the brilliant hues which are emitted on being polished. The process is exceedingly primitive, the shells being brought to the fine appearance which gives them their value by being held to a grindstone and afterward polished with



THE SHELL-VENDER.

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a whetstone. But, even under this simple treatment, the hues are quite brilliant—pink, bright green, red, blue, purple, and yellow—the colors being combined, and scintillating, when held to the light, with an almost opalescent effect. Under a proper system of polishing, the colors would surpass the best of those emitted by the finest specimens of mother-of-pearl. Not long since, a manufacturer of San Francisco constructed for one of the State fairs a splendid table, into which were inlaid, in a sort of mosaic work, seven hundred and fifty pieces of this Abalone shell, with an effect difficult to conceive. The Japanese prize the meat, and discard the shell. The Indians esteem it as an object of religious veneration.

I always made it a practice, when landing at Acapulco, to visit the lower fort, which stands at the extreme end of a tongue of land projecting southward from the city. We made up on this occasion a party at the office of the American consul, to which General Vega, governor of the State until an unlucky revolution deposed him, a native-born senator of the Juarez Government—a tall, splendidly-formed fellow, who looked like a bronze statue—and several ladies, were added. At the gate of the old tumble-down pile we were met by a sentinel, of whose personal appearance the accompanying engraving is a perfect reflex. The men, clad in flapping, white-linen trousers and jackets, were lying about and smoking; but all had a healthy and determined look. We were joined by Major Heintzelman, a brother to the American general of that name. The major had just come over from Duran-



THE SENTINEL.—"HALTA!"

go, where he had recently opened (or rather reopened) a gold-mine, which he had purchased for the fabulous sum of three hundred and fifty dollars. The rock in this mine, if the specimens that he exhibited to me might pass for samples of the whole, was

literally a mass of gold. Before we sailed (he was then on his way to San Francisco to form a company), he had sold a third of his mine for seventy-five thousand dollars—a pretty fair advance on the original investment!

Returning to dine with the consul, we found the streets alive with the population. All were jabbering, selling, or buying. They were in the midst of celebrating their carnival-week. In the portions of the town most frequented by them, *serapes* and *sombreros*, enormous spurs and flaming head-dresses, were displayed in profusion; and there was scarcely a native domicile from which the notes of the guitar did not issue at intervals. Many of the families which cultivate this and kindred accomplishments are well educated, and exhibit a degree of refinement in their intercourse with strangers which would bestow a grace upon the more pretentious circles of older communities. The visits of *los Yankees* have made many of them wealthy, and, as a rule, prosperity would appear to have attended them; for, during the days devoted to the festival, a "Spaniard" was scarcely to be seen who was not well attired, and whose general appearance did not tell of good-living and a mind at ease with the world. Among the more aristocratic,

the festivities observed upon this occasion took a tone from the European manner of commemorating holidays; but among the lower orders, and in the by-ways, it assumed occasionally the aspects of the saturnalia. On one street, gaudy shawls and mantles vied with the gold-and-scarlet plumage of innumerable parrots, whose chattering was almost silenced by the din of fire-crackers and the tongues of the dusky *señoritas*. The fascinating daughters of Panama and the island of Jamaica sidled languishingly through the streets, with their much-be-frilled frocks off one shoulder, and a leer of in-



PRISONERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

visitation at every chance passer. In the *cafés* there was a great deal of *monte* playing, and much drinking of *mescal*; and two excited greasers had a duel—that is, they rushed into the middle of the street, shook their knives fiercely at each other, shouted "*Caramba!*" and walked back into the *estaminet* with jingling spurs to make it all up over a dose of vitriol. Jack was well represented, his bright tarpaulin, spacious trousers, and flaunting neckerchief, pervading the entire quarter. About noon the *señoritas* amused themselves by pelting the crowd from the windows, roofs, and balconies, with eggshells filled with cologne-water or myriads of pieces of gilt paper. At night there was a grand *baile* and fandangoes.

During these proceedings, crowds of natives came tearing through the streets, dragging a ridiculous effigy, with a head of tow, and clad in a costume which the Lime-kiln Man would have rejected with disgust, all yelling and shouting like an army of lunatics. The Spaniards, from time immemorial, have been accustomed to observe the 23d of April as the day on which Judas betrayed his Master, on which occasion they go through the ceremony of hanging Judas. An effigy is fabricated, dressed in old, worn-out garments, and provided with a shock of jute, or tow, for hair, which is dragged about the streets at the end of a rope, with every mark of ignominy, and hung in a conspicuous place, amid shouts and jeers and the pelting of fire-crackers, and finally rent to pieces or burned with accompanying shouts of joy and derision, songs and dancing.

In the midst of the procession walked his majesty El Diablo, dressed in red. The Mexican fondness for the "infernal" element appears to increase with the passing years. There is not an inhabited district that has not its "diablo" presiding over valleys, mountains, streams, and lakes. Diablo is the same to them that the whole catalogue of gods and goddesses was to the ancients. No spectacle or public show is complete without him. The saints have a place in their calendar, but are rarely consulted.

Having indulged in a glass of the favorite Mexican beverage known as *mescal*, I experienced a realizing sense of the effects of that liquid upon the human organism, and no longer wondered that Mexicans draw knives and fight like tigers.

But presently we are reminded that we are in a state of war of some sort, for the haters of Judas have scarce disappeared when down the main *calle* a motley train is seen advancing.

Poor fellows! It would seem hardship enough for them to have been torn from the fields in which they earn so meagre a subsistence, but to bear them away into captivity was assuredly a dire punishment; for the prisons of Mexico are the vilest of dungeons, and in them men formed after the image of their Maker lie amid dirt and filth, and often, after years of suffering, expire from sheer debility and want of air. The people here go crazy as tarantulas at such a sight. One-half precipitately break for their houses, calling upon the *Madre de Dios*; the other rush to the streets or windows, waving kerchiefs or uttering cries of welcome. In fact, a show of any kind is sure to create a sensation here; and if, instead of hanging Judas, the mob had dragged their *comandante* around the streets and hanged

him, the enthusiasm would have been just as unbounded and vociferous.

During our rambles we were taken into the church, a comparatively small edifice, looking more like a fortress, and built of adobes; it was opened with a very large bunch of keys, and the riches thereof were gradually and carefully unfolded to our heretical gaze. In one of the rooms several massive silver candlesticks were standing on tables, and trunks were opened, disclosing the rich altar-pieces, costly robes, and fine laces, used in the great ceremonials. Some of the robes were magnificently embroidered in gold and silver, and composed of silks and satins of the most substantial fabrics and of divers colors. Evidently it was not here that the poverty of the place was to be looked for.

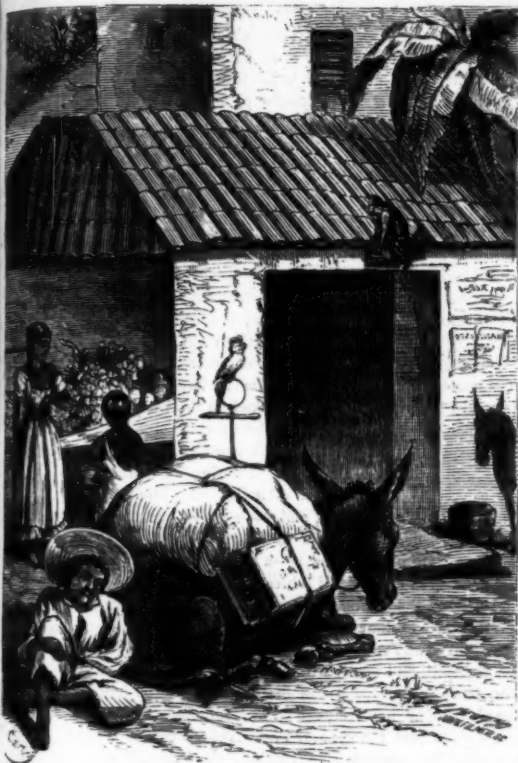
The number of shops for the sale of general goods seems in disproportion to the size of the town, and all appear well patronized. Everywhere money is abundant, the almighty *peso* being most prominent. Rich and poor alike are extravagantly fond of displaying it. The shops are dingy and uninviting, the articles sold commonly lying about in heaps, and the merchant apparently indifferent whether his customer purchases or not. The descendant of Israel is here in all his glory, and the principal business-street has a decidedly mouldy

look. Nevertheless, in spite of hard-clay floors and unclean walls, among the corners of which the spider weaves his web, there is an attempt at cleanliness. Some walls are white-washed, and the unpaved streets are cleanly swept. Much of the petty trade is transacted at the fruit-stands. The shops nearest the water are the merest booths or shanties, thatched, perhaps, and shrouded from the sun by matting, like the butcher's stall in



WOMAN-BUTCHERS AT THE MEAT MARKET.

the engraving. In this case the butcher was a female. Shops for the sale of fruit are the most tempting to the foreigner just arrived from a long and tedious voyage by sea, and few fail to lay in a supply sufficient for their wants. On the arrival of a steamer the water is alive with small craft of all descriptions, the natives in their light canoes, each clad in a shirt and *sombrero*, with a *poco-tiempo* cigar in his mouth. The vessel has hardly dropped anchor when she is surrounded by swarms of these little shallops, each filled with its freight of fruits, shells, and curiosities. Then begins, indeed, a lively strife. The little craft are made fast to the ship by lines, other lines are tossed aboard, to which India baskets are attached, which receive the change intended for the boatmen; and, being laden with the articles paid for, are drawn up, to be returned in like manner. All this time the sellers are crying out, "*naranjas*" (oranges), *coco-nuts*, limes, bananas, "*conchas*," and whatsoever else may happen to be on sale—chickens, parrots, and pot monkeys, being among the diversified list. These natives are of the strict Indian type, or half-breeds, shrivelled and puny, and with the old settled melancholy upon their copper-colored countenances, which is a relic of the time of the conquerors. Swimming around at the side of the vessel, though sharks are plentiful, is a lithe, sinewy form, quite devoid of clothing, remaining in the water for hours, diving for pieces of silver thrown to him by the passengers, and invariably catch-



THE PACK-MULE AT MARKET.

ing them before they are out of sight from the deck. The money is then thrown to the boy who guides the boat which attends him. Mules are continually arriving at the beach laden with packs containing the



A NATIVE OF ACAPULCO.

various articles which may be needed to eke out the ship's supplies. Here nearly every thing is transported by mules.

Of late, speculation has taken a new turn, and the rage (what is left of it) is all for the silver-mines of Lower California and Northern Mexico. The entire western slope of the Mexican Cordilleras is one vast treasure-house of wealth, and English vessels are constantly engaged in freighting silver from Acapulco, Mazatlan, and other ports, to Panama, to be thence transhipped to England. In the course of a single year over three hundred mining companies, each with an enormous capital, were chartered in San Francisco. Another source of wealth is the pearl-fishery.

Specie-trains often arrive from the interior, but the specie is generally transferred to sailing-vessels. The amount of silver-smuggling, of which this coast is the theatre, is simply enormous. There is, of course, complicity on the part of officials, even English men-of-war having been made the bearers of the treasure!

There is now a large number of steamers plying along the coast between the various ports of Mexico, Central and South America, all of which make Acapulco a stopping-place, indicating a vast increase of traffic since the dawn of the American era.

ROBERT F. GREELEY.

ON THE COREAN COAST.

SOME years ago, while residing in the treaty port of Shanghai, in the north of China, I became very intimately acquainted with the gentleman who held the position of French consul there; and, as our tastes were somewhat assimilated, whenever business or pleasure necessitated a journey, we were invariably companions.

One April afternoon, my friend received intelligence that a French vessel had been wrecked, three weeks previous, on the islands near the southwest coast of Corea, in lat. $34^{\circ} 11'$ north, and that the crew, with one solitary exception, had reached the shore by leaping from the stranded vessel to the rocks, saving little but their lives. The castaways, with jetsam from the wreck, had formed a camp near the scene of the disaster, where they were existing unmolested, as the natives showed a disposition to be friendly, and supplied them with rice and other necessities. Not knowing how long this state of affairs would continue, however, they managed to repair a whale-boat, in which eight of their number contrived, after suffering much privation, to reach Shanghai.

In answer to an appeal from these men, my friend the consul at once determined to charter a *lorcha*—an hermaphrodite craft, built upon a combination of English and Chinese lines—and proceed to the rescue of his unfortunate countrymen. I willingly accepted an invitation to accompany the expedition; and, next day, the *Fei-ma* (Flying Horse) spread her sails to the favoring wind that wooed them, coursed swiftly down the Yang-tse-kiang, and stood out to sea.

A Polish gentleman, the interpreter connected with the consulate, was of the party; so we whiled away the time with three-handed whist, until, on the morning of the fifth day subsequent to that on which we sailed, land was descried, and the *lorcha*, standing in, finally anchored in a cove which was little better than an open roadstead, the beach being lined with black basaltic rocks. This proved to be the western point of Quelpart Island, in lat. $33^{\circ} 19'$ north, near a small islet in the roadstead, named Eden Island by Sir G. Belcher.

From the vessel, only one house was visible; but a number of catamarans, formed of logs of wood lashed together, and their top-work defended by a framework of bars and stanchions, were hauled high upon the strand; and, when we landed, a large crowd of open-mouthed, wondering natives collected to gratify their almond-shaped eyes with a glance at genuine "Western barbarians." These people, who were evidently of the lowest class, were clad in wide, quilted jackets, and trousers of unbleached, coarse hempen cloth; yet their appearance did not indicate less cleanliness or comfort than that of the same order of Chinese. Their complexions were similar to those of Chinese of a corresponding latitude; yet their *tout ensemble* was very different, arising chiefly from the head not being shaved, as in China, the men wearing the hair tied up in a knot on the crown of the head, and the boys having it long and hanging unconfined over the back. They were good-humored, cheerfully collecting shells, sponges, etc., for us, in the hope of being rewarded with a cigar.

When the whole of our party had landed, our attention was called

to the top of the beach, where an officer appeared, who was talking and gesticulating with some vehemence of manner. He had just arrived on a little rough pony, and, as we approached, he beckoned us to return to the *lorcha* in a way not to be misunderstood; but his rapidity of gesture and volubility were alike lost upon us, as M. — merely replied by handing him a slip of paper, upon which was inscribed in Chinese an intimation that we intended to hold converse with him at his house, but not in the midst of the multitude. This communication he read off in a loud and interrogative sort of tone, afterward talking for some minutes in a vociferous voice, as before; but, as we showed no intention of returning, he suddenly mounted his little horse, whose height was about equal to the diameter of its master's hat, and trotted away.

The day was wet, and the appearance of the country dreary; but we trudged on by a narrow road, confined within stone dikes on either hand, and at the time little better than a water-course. We soon descried the walls of a fort, at the distance of about half a mile across some wet field-land. One of the Coreans, a numerous retinue of whom accompanied us, beckoning us to follow him into the fort, we approached within a short distance; but, as the official cavalier did not appear to receive us, and the gate was shut, we turned off, and entered the first cottage in an adjacent village. It was that of a poor husbandman, and had three small apartments, nearly filled with agricultural implements. The walls were barely six feet high; the roof was thatched, and a rough stone dike, about five feet high, enclosed the premises. We found seats as best we could under the projecting eaves of the house, and, as the yard in front was soon thronged with natives, most of whom, we discovered, could read and write Chinese, our interpreter addressed one of the principal men, inquiring regarding the officer and fort. We were told that the cavalier was "a great frontier-protecting general," a piece of information that excited our risible faculties to such a degree that we could not refrain from indulging in a hearty cachinnation.

"Send and tell the great frontier-protecting general that his guests are waiting to be received," replied our spokesman.

"The general has no time for idle conversation," was the reply vouchsafed; and, on our interpreter protesting that such a speech was impolite, the old Corean added: "Our country is distinguished for propriety of manners and rectitude of principle."

"How many guns and men are there in that fort?" was the next question propounded by our side.

"The laws of our country are very severe, and forbid communication with you; so I cannot tell you," replied the old fellow, drawing his hand across his throat to signify that he would suffer decollation if he revealed the strength of the garrison.

Finding that we could learn nothing reliable, we advanced to the fort. The gate was still shut; but one of our European sailors, with monkey-like agility, climbed over the wall to open it. Great was our astonishment when, the tar having accomplished his mission, we perceived that the interior contained nothing but a field of young wheat, with several small huts and two ponies at the farther end. The wall of the fort was built of rough stone, about twenty feet in height, having numerous embrasures in the parapet, was of a quadrangular form, and had a projecting bastion at each of the four corners, and a covered gateway. Its extent was about two hundred yards in length by one hundred in breadth, and, judging by its decayed appearance, the structure was probably erected during the war with Japan, about one hundred and sixty years previous, and had been neglected since that time.

As we advanced up the path in the centre, we perceived the general. He received us courteously, in the only place he seemed to possess adapted for public occasions. It was a small, square cottage, open to the west, which direction it fronted, and partly at the sides. The thatched roof was supported by four substantial wooden pillars, about eight feet high, the bases of which rested upon stone pedestals. The door was of plank, and the interior had a tolerably clean appearance. Mats were spread for us on the floor; but, finding the posture *à la Turque* not very convenient for us, the general did his best to procure substitutes for chairs. He was a man of medium stature, olivaceous complexion, features somewhat sharp, but interesting; and his eyes resembled those of a Japanese rather than a Chinese. His glance was intelligent and penetrating, his hands and feet daintily small, his hair dressed in a knot on the top of his head, and secured by a broad band of delicate net-work, composed of black silk and

hair. The only article of foreign manufacture that I observed in the general's dress were his hat-strings, which were of fine, white, twilled Manchester cotton-cloth; but that hat was a marvel generally. It was a light fabric and most beautiful piece of workmanship, being composed of the fine outer fibres of the bamboo, dyed black, and woven into a gauze, like our finest wire-work. The rim was about two feet in diameter; the cone rose to nine inches, having a diameter at the truncated vertex of three inches, where it was slightly convex, and had two peacock's feathers attached in a kind of swivel. Altogether, it formed a graceful head-dress, and one not unsuited to a military character. The officer's personal dress consisted of a fine, loose shirt of grass-cloth, white-nankeen trousers and stockings in one, and neat leathern top-boots, the upper parts of which were of black velvet; a loose tunic of open texture, apparently coarse grass-cloth or muslin, having the cuffs lined and turned up with scarlet silk, confined by a broad sash of blue at the waist, completed his attire.

The general soon entered into communication with us by means of Chinese writing, and protested that he had not heard of any European vessel having been lately wrecked on the coast. His information upon other subjects, more immediately connected with his position, was also very limited. However, he promised to return our visit the following day, and terminated the interview by ordering a repast to be spread for us. It consisted of boiled rice, dried fish, sliced beef, vegetables, edible sea-weed, and *bêche-de-mer*, accompanied by *souchou* and an acid beverage that tasted like tart cider. The bowls and dishes were made of metal—a mixture of brass and tutenague—and were served upon small tables, about fifteen inches high, an altitude suited to the customary manner of sitting in Corea.

When we had done full justice to our hospitable host's collation, we took leave and returned aboard. A severe gale sprung up soon after nightfall, and our position was perilous in the extreme, for the *lorcha* drove in-shore and was for some hours in imminent danger. Toward morning, however, the wind moderated; but the sea remained so turbulent that the general was unable to pay us a visit. The following day, he succeeded in reaching the *lorcha*, in company with a *chihien* and some other officials. We entertained them with a repast, and requested them to furnish a pilot to assist in taking our vessel up to the scene of the shipwreck. At first they were inclined to demur; but, when we civilly intimated that they would be detained aboard until our request was complied with, they soon acceded to the proposal, and left one of their secretaries and four boatmen to carry the *Fei-ma* through the islands, while they returned to the shore.

As the breeze was favorable, the director of the expedition ordered the course of our vessel to be shaped to the southward, and she continued to sail in that direction until the southern coast of Quelpart opened out around a lofty, vertical cliff, inside of which we anchored. The scenery here was majestic. On our left hand was the bold head recently passed, its black rocks mingled with several masses of iron-stone; before us a hill, extending nearly to the beach, bluff, rugged, and nearly perpendicular on three sides, towered up to an elevation of about six hundred feet, its flattened top, and bleak, withered sides of gray basalt standing out in strong relief against the sylvan ranges and conical-shaped hills which skirted the vale behind; while on the right, the sandy bay terminated at the distance of a few miles in another rocky headland, rising like a vast wall sheer out of the sparkling, foamy waves, and behind which the mountains rose to the highest summit on the island. Toward evening we took a stroll ashore, and, though followed everywhere by groups of curious Coreans, who shouted to the women to retire on our approach, we met with no serious impediment to our progress. The fields near by were in many places separated by stone dikes, and cattle grazed within the enclosures. Iron abounded, and the beach under the steep hill near the shore was composed of a conglomerate, into which iron entered as a constituent. Wheat and barley occupied the fields on the uplands, and laborers were ploughing the lowlands for the reception of rice. Next day, I went ashore with the interpreter, to obtain some provisions which we had requested, and found the general and the district magistrate, with other officials, in waiting. We tendered them presents of cotton-cloth and other things, in exchange for the edibles we desired, and were amused by their especial appreciation of some bottles of spirits.

When we returned aboard, as the wind was favorable, the anchor was lifted, and our lively craft set sail for the Amherst Isles. We passed around Loney's Bluff, the southwest cliff of Quelpart, and

steered north along its western shore until we cleared it entirely. Mount Auckland, the loftiest summit on the island, which attains an altitude of over six thousand five hundred feet, rose high above the clouds which the mellow sunbeams tinted with amber and roseate hues. During the night we made rapid progress, and next morning sighted Lays Island, off which we had to beat about all day; after nightfall, however, we hove-to off a narrow passage, which we entered at dawn, and sailed up until we reached an anchorage soon after dusk. On instituting inquiries among the islanders near the place as to where the wreck of the European ship was, we were told that "the eastern island" had been the scene of the disaster; and, as the islets where the French bark had been stranded were visible the following morning, we made sail at sunrise, and at noon reached the anchorage on the west side of Fei-kintau, or Flying-bird Island, in the district of Lochau, and the department of Tsiuen-lo. This island was girded on three sides by bare hills, rising five to six hundred feet, and partially protected from northwest winds by a bold cliff at its entrance. We fired a few rounds to announce to the castaways the arrival of friends, and, after some delay, which caused us to fear that we were too late to extend aid, a party of natives appeared on the ridge. We then landed and proceeded to the camp formed by the crew of the wrecked vessel, where we found two Korean officers, who greeted our guides with many manifestations of pleasure. On learning that the foreigners whom we sought had been removed to a neighboring village, we at once set out for the place designated.

After leaving the camp, we climbed over a hilly ridge, and then found ourselves descending toward the central valley of the island. The slopes of the hills were bare and sandy, except in those parts which were sheltered from the fury of the northern blasts, on which a thin soil supported some traces of scanty firs, which afforded the islanders firewood. Our path led down along the sandy bank of a small brook which issued from the hill, giving life to a scattered line of dwarf willows.

One of our men had preceded us, carrying the news of our arrival to the shipwrecked mariners, and here it was that we first beheld the poor fellows. A grizzled and motley band they seemed, as they advanced toward us, under the leadership of their captain. A month in Korea had certainly not improved their appearance, and the meagre, haggard looks of some of them bespoke little satisfaction with their diet of rice and aromatic fish thrice a day, varied once a week by the addition of a small portion of beef. No wonder, then, that they should welcome their deliverers with hearty shouts; that our party should feel the pride and gratification of success; so that, when both joined, the vivas and cheers that arose awoke long-slumbering echoes in the ancient hills.

It was well that relief was not longer delayed, for, after the whale-boat had left for Shanghai, the headmen of the village had induced the captain to leave the camp and remove to quarters which they provided. These were not in the village, the site of which was healthily situated on the slope of a hill, but in huts located in the midst of paddy-fields. Here a guard was placed over them, and they were not allowed, under any pretence whatever, to leave the Liliputian apartments assigned to them. The provisions supplied were inferior in quality and meagre in quantity, and, had we arrived two days later, we should not have been in time to render much, if indeed any, assistance to the prisoners, for they were to have been transferred to a point on the main-land, about a hundred miles distant. We all proceeded to the village, the inhabitants of which we found in a state of unprecedented excitement, and the whole body of the Sháng-Kwán came forth to receive us. We were conducted to the principal house, which was divided into three apartments. Generally speaking, the cottages were thus partitioned off, one end forming the kitchen, the middle room the eating and sleeping chamber, and the third being devoted to the storage of agricultural implements. The *salle à manger* was not furnished very elaborately, chairs, tables, etc., evidently being considered inconvenient superfluities; but the floor was raised two or three feet from the ground, and, being covered with matting, afforded an easy resting-place for the inmates. The walls were covered with stout, white paper, also the iron-hinged lattice-work doors, which afforded light and ventilation. In one corner stood some chests of spare clothing, in another a huge roll of bedding—an indispensable requirement during the winter months. The eaves of the houses invariably projected from three to four feet, and formed cool and comfortable verandas in which the Koreans could enjoy the beatific *dolce*

far niente, unassailed by any antagonist more powerful than that animate siphon, the mosquito. In the severe frosts, these cosy little nests are warmed by underground stoves, lighted from without, which heat the air under the floors. Each cottage was surrounded by a yard, in one corner of which stood an humble cow-shed, in close proximity to which was a cabbage-garden. Not far distant a clump of dwarf bamboos, which afforded capital stems for tobacco-pipes, was planted, and a few fruit and flowering trees made what would have otherwise seemed an ill-kempt, almost barren patch, appear a bright and beautiful garden, in which the magnificent, full-blossoming wild-camellia shone supreme in its sublime purity. A *muh-sz*, or village elder, and his satellites, treated us with much courtesy and consideration; a repast was prepared for us, and the Korean officials strove hard to make themselves agreeable. All communication between us was carried on in writing, and every well-dressed person seemed to have a knowledge of the Chinese language sufficient for ordinary intercourse. A transcript of the American, British, and French treaties with China was taken by them, from a copy my friend the consul exhibited. Having particularly impressed upon the minds of our entertainers the pleasure they would afford us by visiting our vessel the following day, we took our leave and the rescued castaways, and proceeded to the *lorcha* by a circuitous route, which enabled us to visit the tawny strand upon which the shattered timbers of the wrecked bark lay rotting in the sun.

Next morning, the Korean officers, a sober, grave, and reverend body of functionaries, came aboard. Most of them were attired in sad-colored garments, the sleeves of which were of most capacious width. Their caps, of the same color as their dresses, resembled in shape those which Chinese Thespians wear when engaged upon a representation of a long-past era; the rank of the wearer was indicated by the number of black spots on the band surrounding his cap. It transpired that these dignitaries were in mourning for the king, who had died two years previously, and that the designation of his successor was Jih-ho (Sun-fire).

They did not show the slightest disposition to reject a few presents we offered; and, on their departure, promised to send off such provisions as we required in return. They kept their words; and, on receipt of the necessities, the anchor was lifted the sails were spread to catch the freshening breeze, and our swift-gliding craft, bounding over the sapphire waves, soon left far in her wake the surf-washed rocks which line the sterile coast of Korea.

WALTER A. ROSE.

THE PRAYER.

A PAIR of dimpled knees bent on the floor,
Two little dove-like eyes half shut in sleep,
A little gold-ringed head—this through the door
I hear—asking the Lord "a crystal soul" to keep.
The crimson cheeks seem by dawn's fingers stained;
The dimpled hands, clasped by the angels, seem
As sunset's amber, o'er her head is rained,
Kindling her curls with many a tapering gleam.

Wreathed are her tiny feet with stories old,
Till rose-leaf atmospheres, methinks I see,
Enwrap them in their soft, ethereal fold,
With love's protection, to the dimpled knee;
For still the baby-songs and tales will please,
As when at first, like bits from silken skein,
She tried to knot them, sitting on my knees,
In baby accents, into threads again.

The little velvet lips just parted are,
Through which the white-winged thoughts troop forth to rise,
As, through an opening bud, perfumes afar
Invisibly are wafted to the skies.
Now to her downy couch my darling's crept,
Where her bright curls, like jonquils in the snow,
Gleam out, as if the sunbeams there had swept
A little rift for such sweet flowers to grow.

CHARLOTTE CORNWELL.

TABLE-TALK.

TWO recent novels have a point of contact which invites a comparative criticism. Very few people, probably, have associated the popular romances of "A Terrible Temptation," by Charles Reade, and "The Foe in the Household," by Caroline Chesebro, but any one who has perused them both must have remarked a resemblance between the leading incident in each novel, and thereby been led to compare the workmanship of the respective authors. In "A Terrible Temptation," a wife, by a combination of circumstances, is led to palm off upon her husband a child which is not her own; in "The Foe in the Household," a wife, by an equal pressure of circumstances, is induced to conceal from her husband a previous marriage and its consequences in the birth of a daughter. In each novel the wife is oppressed by a fearful secret, and upon this incident the action turns; but in one case the secret is criminal, in the other it is wrongful only because it has been concealed. This point of contact between the works naturally leads to their association, but their differences are as wide as the sea, not merely in moral tone, but in literary art. In elevation of sentiment it will not surprise the reader to have us place Miss Chesebro's book far above Mr. Reade's; but it may awaken his interest to learn that we esteem "A Terrible Temptation," which has probably been the widest-read book of the year, as inferior to "The Foe in the Household" in many of the higher characteristics of art. In vividness of style and dramatic power Charles Reade is preëminent, while Miss Chesebro is often cold, repressed, and even obscure. Reade is always direct, stirring, opulent, and picturesque, and these qualities give him great hold on the popular imagination. But Miss Chesebro's story, in fidelity to Nature and probability, in accuracy of delineation, in careful and patient involvement and evolvment of plot, is far more artistic and capable than its brilliant rival. The characters in "A Terrible Temptation" are many of them simply inconceivable; they are born of caprice rather than of judgment; and their conduct more frequently springs from the necessities of the author's plot than from adequate motives of their own. Things are shifted about hither and thither, tangled or disentangled, with more artifice than art, and continually for the obvious convenience of the scene-shifter. Let any one look closely into the series of incidents which bring about the *accouchement* of the waiting-maid and the pretended *accouchement* of Lady Bassett, and he will discover how the whole action is managed arbitrarily, just as if the author were moving so many puppets. Under almost any probable combination of circumstances Lady Bassett would have found it impossible to carry out her project; the chances against her doing so would have been as a hundred to one. But the author manufactures incidents and circumstances to this end without compunction; he seizes upon whatever he needs to bring about his purpose without regard to probability, and shifts his figures and his action entirely at his own imperative

pleasure. But in "The Foe in the Household" is discovered a far more circumspect management of incidents. This story, in its probability, its unity, its coherence, the natural outgrowth of its action, its adequate motives, its truthful characterization, seems essentially a history of real things. It is told with an earnest desire not to overstep the modesty of Nature; it is full of suppressed power. It has a few admirable dramatic situations, but they are scarcely more than outlined. In two instances, at least, the narrative just misses a grand altitude of passion. In situation and character the story is a very fresh one. It is so admirable in conception that one can but reflect what a noble piece of workmanship it would have been in the hands of a master like Hawthorne. American fiction in construction is usually slovenly, clumsy, bald; genius may sometimes characterize it, but art almost never. In this book the artistic construction is strikingly good, but the style needs the infusion of fire and passion to put the world in full sympathy with it. We have been induced, in addition to the reasons already given, to bring these two novels together in comparison, greatly asunder as they are in motive and inspiration, because they afford excellent examples of two schools of composition—one the imperfect and almost tumultuous outcome of an impatient genius, the other the serene elaboration of pure art. To refined taste and cool judgment, Miss Chesebro's book is the better performance; the story of Reade's, however, is more earnest and passionate, and for these reasons will always be the more popular book. We have made brief reference only to the morals of these works; "The Foe in the Household" is as "pure as ice, as chaste as snow;" but, as regards "A Terrible Temptation," cautious parents had better keep it from their children.

—The eulogies which so often greet our ears about the power of the press are, perhaps, not extravagant; and the greater their truth, the more important it is to the public that the papers should be so conducted as to effect the highest public good. There are matters in which English editors might take example from American papers—their enterprise in collecting news, the fulness of their information, the directness and frankness of their expression, the courage and vigor with which they attack abuses. So, too, there are points in which our own newspaper managers might take a leaf from their English contemporaries. We will designate one. It is an established custom among all high-class English journals not to comment or speculate upon the merits of a case which is pending in a court of justice. Notwithstanding the intense popular interest in the Mordaunt, the Madame Rachel, and the Tichborne trials, no respectable London paper uttered a word of remark as to the right or the wrong of either side while they were in progress. The principle of this is not only an excellent but it is a very important one for the public welfare. The press is taken by the people as more or less judicial in its utterances. Practically, what the newspaper says is truth and law to a large mass of people. It is incumbent on a power so acting not to

prejudge an incomplete case. The facts should all be in evidence, the arguments heard, the charge delivered, the verdict given, before the independent judges of the press take it on themselves to award the extrajudicial judgment which does, or should, represent the public estimate of the justice or injustice of the result in court. An attempt to prejudice a case, the cause of this manner that, favorably or unfavorably, is regarded by the English journalist as unworthy of his profession. Let the whole matter, on both sides, be clearly and fully before the public; then, if the legal decision appears unjust, if judge, jury, or counsel, have been remiss, incompetent, or partial, the great organs of public opinion may properly criticise and castigate. It is too common here to pander to an impatient public curiosity by denouncing plaintiffs or defendants, prosecutors or prisoners, while a cause is progressing. Our *causes célèbres*, by the time they are concluded, have formed the topic of numberless sensation editorials, the only effect of which has been to cause an unhealthy excitement and prejudice, and which prove not seldom to have done cruel injury to one or other of the parties involved. Characters are sometimes blasted for life—are so shattered that no jury-verdict can rehabilitate them. This is a grievous, an inexcusable wrong. Our papers should strive to seek a better example than that of the judge in Hades, who first punished and then heard. The rage for sensation is hard to resist; papers must "pay," but surely there is patronage enough in this enlightened land to support papers which would courageously declare that they would not cast odium on persons before the courts by anticipating the decision of those who are held by their oaths to declare the truth on the whole evidence.

—Mr. Tom Taylor assures us, through the pages of an English magazine, that many people have ceased to frequent the theatre because they have ceased to find what they want there—comedy which will amuse without disgusting by excess, or offending by indecency. It is singular how fond some people are of indulging in whining complaints in the direct face of facts, and how blind Cant always is to the most obvious testimony. The real facts are that, instead of people ceasing to go to the theatre because they can no longer find there a pure and refined comedy, it is only recently that they have been able to do so. Not until within our own time has the stage supplied a drama that will "amuse without disgusting by excess, or offending by indecency." All the old comedy, full of fibre and force as it is, is marked by great excesses and manifest indecencies. Its situations, abundantly amusing, are often equivocal; its language, excellent in its Saxon vigor, is liberally sprinkled with bold allusions and immodest insinuations; its characters are overdrawn, and amuse often rather by their whimsical conceits than by fidelity to Nature; and its sentiment is almost always mawkish and ridiculous. A comedy, entirely pure in story and incident, accurately true to the ordinary facts of life, presenting characters carefully delineated from Nature, written with refined circumspection, was really never

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known to the English stage until the present era, and has attained conspicuous success only within the present decade. When we recollect that some of Robertson's most delightful comedies—which are as pure and fresh as rose-buds—have maintained their place on the London boards for hundreds of nights in succession, we can but marvel at Mr. Taylor's sweeping assertions. Entirely refined comedy is absolutely the invention of the present day, and Mr. Tom Taylor himself has notably contributed to it. If Mr. Taylor's comedies have not the superior delicacy of Robertson's, if he has not understood completely the art of making simple things charming, yet his "Still Waters Run Deep," for example—which in strength excels any of Robertson's—is without an incident in excess, or a hint of indecency. And what modern play has been more successful? Of course, burlesque rules at some of our theatres, and sensational drama at others; but, as a whole, they have not been more successful than the better things we speak of. In New York there are two theatres, Wallack's and the Fifth Avenue, which are mainly devoted to modern refined comedy; and we venture to assert that at no time in the dramatic history of our city have so many opportunities been afforded as within late years to witness comedies that do not disgust by excess or offend by indecency. Even a little more than twenty years ago, comedy in New York consisted mainly of the roaring farces at Mitchell's Olympic, and the broad comedy at Burton's. It was impossible then to see such delightful plays as "Caste," "School," "Ours," "Play," and others of Robertson and his compeers, which have done so much to elevate the tone of the theatre, and supply pure and beautiful pictures of life.

—The mania for investigating historical mysteries is abroad again. At intervals of several years this mania takes possession of the antiquarian mind, and infects, to a large extent, the reading-public mind. Thus, we have recently been called upon once more to decide whether "Junius" was Sir Philip Francis or the Duke of Richmond, whether the Iron Mask was or was not an elder brother of Louis XIV., and whether the Dauphin who holds, in the roll of French kings, the title of Louis XVII., really died in the Temple on the 8th of June, 1795, or escaped therefrom, and was thereafter personated by a substitute. How firm the belief has always been maintained by some of our best and ablest citizens, that the Rev. Eleazar Williams was the Dauphin in question, need not be remarked; it is not, perhaps, so well known that there are five other claimants to this royal identity, comprising subjects of England, Russia, Germany, and France. The latest and most interesting—and not the least preposterous—of these claims, is that of one Augustus Meves, of London, who, while alive (he died several years since), persistently maintained that he was the true Louis XVII., and whose sons, since his death, have issued a book crowded with what they are pleased to designate proofs of this momentous fact. The story is, that a boy named Augustus Meves, son of a London citizen, was, through the agency of famous Tom Paine (of "Age-of-

Reason" memory), substituted for the Dauphin in the autumn of 1793; that the Dauphin took little Meves's place in the household in Bloomsbury Square; that he was brought up as Augustus Meves, the real Augustus dying in the Temple in 1795, and that he was only informed of his royal descent by Mrs. Meves in 1831. The proofs of all this are slender and rickety enough. There are body-scars and marks (the inevitable "strawberry-mark" of the "long lost"), the testimony of Meves *miré*, and a great many improved assertions on the part of the Meveses *filis*. The story would be a very curious one, if well supported by credible testimony; as it is, it must be consigned, with a very incredulous smile, to the shelf, with other records of absurd pretensions which have accumulated in the last ten centuries. It is amusing, however, to conjecture in what an awkward muddle the actual discovery of this poor little oft-personated Dauphin, alive and well, would involve the French legitimists, bringing consternation into the old Breton *château* where Chambord has been so long enshrined as the true "eldest son of France," and whose lords would discover that they had been all this while paying stately court and homage to a would-be (though unconscious) usurper.

Scientific Notes.

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, President of the British Association, in his inaugural address, in August last, at Edinburgh, in commenting upon the origin of life on the earth, declares it an article of scientific faith, true through all space and through all time, that life proceeds from life, and from nothing but life. Dead matter cannot become living without coming under the influence of matter previously alive; this he asserts to be as sure a teaching of science as the law of gravitation. "How, then," he asks, "did life originate on the earth? Tracing the physical history of the earth backward, on strict dynamical principles, we are brought to a red-hot melted globe on which no life could exist. Hence, when the earth was first fit for life, there was no living thing on it. There were rocks, solid and disintegrated, water, air all round, warmed and illuminated by a brilliant sun, ready to become a garden. Did grass, and trees, and flowers, spring into existence, in all the fulness of ripe beauty, by a fiat of creative power? or did vegetation, growing up from seed sown, spread and multiply over the whole earth? Science is bound, by the everlasting law of honor, to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to it. If a probable solution, consistent with the ordinary course of Nature, can be found, we must not invoke an abnormal act of creative power. When a lava-stream flows down the sides of Vesuvius or Etna, it quickly cools and becomes solid; and, after a few weeks or years, it teems with vegetable and animal life, which for it originated by the transport of seed and ova, and by the migration of individual living creatures. When a volcanic island springs up from the sea, and, after a few years, is found clothed with vegetation, we do not hesitate to assume that seed has been wafted to it through the air, or floated to it on rafts. Is it not possible, and, if possible, is it not probable, that the beginning of vegetable life on the earth is to be similarly explained? Every year thousands, probably

millions, of fragments of solid matter fall upon the earth—whence came these fragments? What is the previous history of any one of them? Was it created, in the beginning of time, an amorphous mass? This idea is so unacceptable that, tacitly or explicitly, all men discard it. It is often assumed that all, and it is certain that some, meteoric stones are fragments which had been broken off from greater masses and launched free into space. It is as sure that collisions must occur between great masses moving through space, as it is that ships, steered without intelligence, directed to prevent collision, could not cross and recross the Atlantic for thousands of years with immunity from collisions. When two great masses come into collision in space, it is certain that a large part of each is melted; but it seems also quite certain that in many cases a large quantity of *débris* must be shot forth in all directions, much of which may have experienced no greater violence than individual pieces of rock experience in a land-slip or in blasting by gunpowder. Should the time when this earth comes into collision with another body, comparable in dimensions to itself, be when it is still clothed as at present with vegetation, many great and small fragments carrying seed, and living plants, and animals, would undoubtedly be scattered through space. Hence, and because we all confidently believe that there are at present, and have been from time immemorial, many worlds of life besides our own, we must regard it as probable in the highest degree that there are countless seed-bearing meteoric stones moving about through space. If, at the present instant, no life existed upon this earth, one such stone falling upon it might, by what we blindly call natural causes, lead to its becoming covered with vegetation. I am fully conscious of the many scientific objections which may be urged against this hypothesis, but I believe them to be all answerable. I have already taxed your patience too severely to allow me to think of discussing any of them on the present occasion. The hypothesis that life originated on this earth through moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world may seem wild and visionary; all I maintain is, that it is not unscientific."

Dr. Carpenter read a paper, at the annual meeting of the British Association, "On the Thermo-dynamics of the General Oceanic Circulation." The investigations in which he had been engaged with Dr. Wyville Thomson had furnished a new set of facts as regards deep-sea temperatures. It may now be asserted as probable that the bed of the ocean, below two thousand fathoms, is everywhere, even under the equator, but little above 32° Fahrenheit. In the Channel, between the Shetland and the Faroe Isles, it was found to be as low as 29° 5'. In the Mediterranean, which has been tested at depths of sixteen hundred fathoms in its western and two thousand in its eastern basin, the temperature below the surface-stratum of about fifty fathoms, heated by direct solar radiation, remains at 54° degrees to the very bottom. This condition of things contrasts strongly with that which prevails in the eastern border of the Atlantic, under the same parallel. In the latter, as in the former, the superheating of the surface-stratum by direct solar radiation, shows its effects below the surface-stratum. There is a very gradual fall from about 53 to 49°, which last is the temperature at eight hundred fathoms. But in the two hundred fathoms below this there is a rapid fall of 9°, and beneath this a further fall to 36° 5'. The author regards this contrast as due to the fact that the Mediterranean is virtually cut off from the great

oceanic circulation. Dr. Carpenter attributes this circulation mainly to temperature, and attaches more importance to polar cold than to equatorial heat. As each surface-film cools and sinks, its place will be supplied, not from below, but by a surface-influx of the water around. The bottom stratum will, at the same time, flow away over the deepest parts of the basin. Sea-water has no temperature of maximum density, but goes on contracting regularly to its freezing-point, which is about 25°. As long as cold is applied to one part of the surface and heat to another, there must be a continual movement below from the cold to the hot region, and above from the hot to the cold. That such a general movement really takes place is indicated—1. By the prevalence of a temperature near 23° over the deepest parts of the great ocean basins. This could not be maintained on the warm sea-bed beneath, if there were not a continual flow of cold water from the polar area. 2. By the marked distinction between the upper and lower strata of the Atlantic, as regards temperature. 3. By the proved existence of a movement of warmer surface-water toward both polar areas. This is most observable in the north-polar area, on account of the contraction of its channel by the proximity of land. It shows itself in the warm current past Behring Straits. In view of all the facts, he was led to the hypothesis of a northeastward movement of a vast stratum of oceanic waters, having a depth of at least six hundred fathoms. In the remaining portion of the paper the different causes of horizontal and vertical currents were discussed, and the opinion was expressed that the trade-winds produce only horizontal motion.

Dr. Grace Calvert read a paper, at the recent assembly of the British Association, "On the Action of Heat on Germ-life." The paper described a series of experiments made by the author for the purpose of determining the effect of heat on living organisms. He took a solution of white of egg full of microscopic life, and a solution of gelatine full of microscopic life, as also solutions of sugar and hay. These solutions were put into little tubes and submitted to temperatures of 100, 200, 300, 400, and 500° Fahr. It was found that at 100° the living organisms were not at all affected; at 200° they were not affected; at 300° they were still alive—three or four vibrios in each field; and it was only at 400° that life disappeared. The same solutions were then put on little slips of glass, dried, some in the air and some at a temperature of 212°, and introduced into tubes. As before, it was only at 400° that life disappeared. By another experiment it appeared that in a fluid where life had been destroyed by heating to 400°, no life was subsequently developed, whereas in one which had been heated to some of the lower temperatures, such development took place. If, said Dr. Calvert, there was such a thing as spontaneous generation, he could not understand why there should not have been life reproduced in his tubes, which had been heated to 400°; while a little life was reproduced in one heated to 300°, and more in one heated to 200°; it appeared to him that medical men would do well to consider the temperature at which life was destroyed. Admitting that contagious disease was due to the introduction into the system of a germ of some kind, either vegetable or animal, so far as his experiment went, a temperature of 400° was necessary to destroy such germs on clothing to which they might have become attached.

Another paper, by Dr. Calvert, "On Proto-

plastic Life," was next read. If, said the doctor, the white of a fresh egg was taken and mixed with water, and examined under the microscope, not the slightest life was to be seen, but at the end of twenty minutes or half an hour plenty of life might be discovered. In such experiments a fluid must be employed, and whatever fluid was employed, if examined under the microscope, it showed life. Common distilled water, if kept for two or three days, showed life; but, after many failures, he discovered an apparatus by means of which he had been enabled to get distilled water which would keep free from life for three months. Having thus got a pure medium without life, the question was whether he could generate life in it. He introduced distilled water into twelve tubes, and left them exposed to the air for twenty-four hours. It was in winter; in the summer he should have left them for ten minutes. Another series of tubes was placed near putrid meat and then closed. Life appeared in twenty-four days in the tubes containing distilled water which had been exposed to the air, but a portion of the same water which had not been exposed to the air showed no life. The tubes which had been placed near putrid meat showed life in eight days. The distilled water was thus impregnated with more life by being placed near a source of putridity. Up to this point he had been using hydrogen to wash his apparatus. He replaced the hydrogen by oxygen, and found that by using water saturated with oxygen he produced life in three or four instead of eight days. Then, taking water into which a little albumen had been allowed to run without being exposed to the air, he found life developed in two days. The general result of the experiments was that life was produced if the fluid under examination was left exposed to the air for a very short period. If perfectly sweet eggs were covered with varnish they would keep for eighteen months, while if not so covered they would not keep as many weeks. But, if there were such a thing as spontaneous generation, why should not the egg covered with varnish decompose as soon as the other?

A French inventor proposes the use of petroleum for locomotives, and recently exhibited a model of a small engine heated by this means, for which complete success is claimed. This locomotive carries two thousand litres, or about five hundred gallons of oil, in the tender, a hand-pump forcing the oil into a small reservoir near the boiler. The process of lighting the oil is said to be neither difficult nor dangerous, owing to the oil being kept in compartments, a small quantity only being lighted at one time, then another division, and so on, until the whole furnace is alight. This engine consumes its own smoke perfectly, and it is said to be extremely easy to drive, on account of the simplicity of the apparatus. A larger locomotive, with slight improvements, has since been built, and successful trials made of its working qualities. The consumption of oil was thirty-five per cent. less by weight than that of good patent compressed coal, a little more than two pounds of oil producing twenty-five pounds.

A German writer shows that a great variety of colors and dyes can be readily obtained from common plants found almost everywhere, the method consisting principally in boiling them in water at a high temperature, so as to produce a strong decoction. Thus, for instance, the well-known huckleberry, or blueberry (*Vaccinium*), when boiled down, with an addition of a little alum and a solution of copperas, will develop an excellent blue color. The same treatment, with a solution of nutgalls, produces

a clean dark-brown tint; while, with alum, verdigris, and sal-ammoniac, various shades of purple and red can be obtained. The fruit of the elder (*Sambucus nigra*), so frequently used for coloring spirituous liquors, will also produce a blue color when treated with alum. The privet (*Ligustrum vulgare*), boiled in a solution of salt, will furnish an excellent color; while the overripe berries yield a scarlet red. The seeds of the common burning-bush (*Euonymus*), when treated with sal-ammoniac, produce a beautiful purple-red; while the juice of the currant, pressed out and mixed with a solution of alum, will furnish a bright-red color. The bark, treated in the same way, produces a brown. Yellow can be obtained from the bark of the apple-tree, the box, the ash, the buckthorn, the poplar, the elm, etc., when boiled in water, and treated with alum. A lively green is furnished by the broom-corn (*Spartium scoparium*), and brownish-green by the gentiana.

Mr. Henwood, of Penzance, a well-known geologist, has published two stout volumes, entitled "Observations on Metalliferous Deposits, and on Subterranean Temperature," which will be prized by miners and geologists all over the world. They contain clear descriptions of the rocks and other formations in which gold, silver, lead, iron, tin, copper, and other metals, are found in India, in Chili, in Brazil, in North America, in Jamaica, in Spain, France, the Channel Islands, and in Great Britain and Ireland. With the general descriptions, particulars are given of peculiarities of strata, of methods of working, of profit and loss, and here and there a glance at history, or at the social condition of the miners, and such ample details about the relation between rocks and their deposits of metal, and about depth and temperature, that the work can hardly fail to become a text-book of high authority. At the same time it may be regarded as a memorial of the author's industry, knowledge, perseverance, and accuracy.

The recent fall of a twelve-pound meteoric stone at Searsport, Mass., was preceded by an explosion, like the report of a heavy gun, followed by a rushing sound, like the escape of steam from a boiler. The sound seemed to come from the south, and to move northwardly. The stone dropped with such force that it sank two feet into the ground, but was seen to fall, and was quickly dug out. It was quite hot and broken, however, and could only be removed in pieces. Its color was gray, except the outside, which was black, and showed plainly the effect of melting heat.

Miscellany.

Museum of Natural History.

IN the midst of official corruption it is gratifying to note our steady progress toward an honorable position as regards arts and sciences. It will hereafter be thought singular that the era in the history of New York which has exhibited most conspicuously a reckless corruption in the administration of affairs has also shown an earnest zeal for the improvement of the city and the promotion of the pleasures of the people. The very men who are accused of the wholesale robbery of the people's money have inaugurated, under admirable direction, the entire reconstruction of our wharves, the ornamentation of our parks, and the building of immense railways for speedy and economical transit. At no time has there been so much energy exhibited in

improvements, and so much done for the comfort and pleasure of the people. Laborers are at work upon the foundations of two splendid structures for museums of art and natural history; the upper part of the island will soon show one of the handsomest boulevards in the world, and exhibit vast spaces that were recently wildernesses converted into charming river-side parks; on all sides, indeed, are evidences of an ambitious zeal to make New York, in her public attractions, a city of truly metropolitan character.

How much is doing in this way, our own citizens only half suspect. We have long desired in New York a suitable museum, and all at once we find an admirable nucleus of one thrown open to the public. We have often wished for a great public zoological institute, and here quietly there has accumulated in the Central Park a very fair collection of animals for such a purpose. The museum and the menagerie at the park have assumed proportions well worthy of attention. The birds and animals of the menagerie are handsomely housed; the number is respectable, and month by month it is increased. The natural-history departments of the museum are, many of them, fuller than any similar ones in the country, while in character the collections are asserted to be far superior. Edouard Verreaux, of Paris, for instance, was acknowledged as the foremost taxidermist in the world; at the sale of his specimens recently, just after his death, the choicest—numbering two thousand two hundred mounted birds, two hundred and twenty mounted mammals, and some four hundred mounted skeletons of mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes—were secured for our museum. The entire collection of the late Prince Maximilian, of Neuwid, Germany, one of the most celebrated private collections in Europe, containing the results of the prince's extensive explorations in South America, is also found here. In addition, it contains the Elliott collection of birds, comprising over two thousand five hundred specimens; ten thousand specimens of lepidoptera, presented by Mr. Coleman T. Robison; four thousand specimens of beetles and insects of other orders, given by Baron Stachen; and valuable contributions of mollusca, by Mr. Bickmore and others. These few statistics show on what good foundation the museum now rests. In numbers, its specimens are respectable, while in quality they far exceed any other in the country. The Verreaux collection is looked upon by connoisseurs with the profoundest admiration. The accuracy and life-like spirit of his groups are declared to be unapproachable. There is one dramatic group of his composition that is considered the finest specimen of taxidermy in the world. It was first exhibited at the French Exposition, where it obtained the gold medal. It represents a lion and a lioness attacking an Arab on his camel. The dress of the Arab, and the saddle and accoutrements of the camel, are genuine articles, having been procured from Africa for the purpose. The group represents the lioness slain, and the lion fiercely assaulting the mounted Arab, one paw upon his thigh, the other upon the camel. The terrified Arab has a knife uplifted; the camel is exhibiting wild fear; and the whole group is of great spirit and vivacity. The perfect articulation of every muscle in each of the animals is commented upon by critics as masterly.

The specimens are now in handsome cases, but the arranging and labelling are not quite completed. The collection is at present in the old arsenal building, near the Fifth-Avenue entrance, and is under the direction of Pro-

fessor Albert S. Bickmore, a well-known naturalist, and author of a recent work of travels in the East-Indian Archipelago. In a few years, the new building (which, in conjunction with that of the art museum, is to be erected in Manhattan Square, Eighth Avenue, near Seventieth Street) will be finished, and then it will look as if a metropolitan museum worthy of us were an established fact. The buildings for these two museums will be erected at the expense of the State, for which five hundred thousand dollars each have been appropriated. —N.-Y. Correspondence Boston Gazette.

A Scotchman in London.

A Scotchman writes to the London *Spectator* on the "Provincial Character of London," declaring that its general mental grasp and tone are much more restricted and narrow than are those of the most ordinary country-town of Scotland. The intelligence of the London shopkeeper he declares to be a long way below the average of similar people north of the Tweed, and cites as proof of his assertion his adventures in search of the residence of Thomas Carlyle: "Little more than a fortnight ago a friend and I set out for Chelsea, in order to see the residence of Thomas Carlyle, or maybe the old man himself, in a quiet way, should he chance to be enjoying his walk. A river-boat soon brought us to that interesting but sleepy suburb of London. None of us had the slightest idea where Carlyle's residence was situated, or in what direction the most likely locality lay. Entering a grocer's shop, over the counter of which presided a bright-looking and showily-dressed young man of, say, twenty-five, I, as spokesman, asked if he could tell me where Carlyle stayed.

"'Carlyle Street, sir? No, sir, don't know it, sir.'

"'Carlyle's house,' I said, 'the residence of Thomas Carlyle.'

"'Don't know him, sir, never heard of him, in fact; but, if the gentleman's name be at all known in the neighborhood, the shoemaker next door, who delivers the parcels, will most likely know.'

"I thanked my informant, and we came away.

"We did not 'interview' the parcel-delivering shoemaker, but asked an intelligent policeman, who obligingly directed us to the proper route.

"We resolved, however, to test more fully the depth of devotion to hero-worship and the amount of intelligence which existed in Chelsea, so we called upon a big fish-monger within a few yards of the street where Carlyle lives.

"I said: 'Could you tell me, sir, if Thomas Carlyle lives about here?'

"'No, sir, don't know the name, sir,' and immediately adding, 'what does he do?'

"Very gravely I answered: 'He makes books.'

"'Makes books, does he?' said the man of fish, while a glare of incipient devilry shot through his eye as he looked at his wife, seemingly to say, 'These ge'men are not fooling me, are they, missis?'

"But we left him alone with his oysters.

"I asked other five different individuals before I met a 'fine old English gentleman,' who showed us the 'royal' residence, and expressed his surprise at the ignorance of shopkeeping Chelsea.

"Now, I venture to say that in Scotland you might search days on end among the shopkeeping and tradesman class of the present generation without finding five who did not know the name of Carlyle, while many

would be ready to discuss his merits as a writer or his claims to reverence as a man. But here, in the space of a few minutes, were six Englishmen all in a row, all within a hundred yards of the house of the man whose influence, as one mind upon contemporary thought, has been, perhaps, the most potent of modern times, and yet they 'hadn't the slightest idea' where he resided, had never even heard of his name!"

A Remarkable Ghost-Story.

Lord Brougham, in his recently-published autobiography, gives an account of a trip he made to Norway, and relates how, on a cold day in Norway, he arrived at an hotel which had the unusual luxury of a bath-room. He says: "Tired with the cold of yesterday, I was glad to take advantage of a hot bath before I turned in. And here a most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the high-school, I went with G—, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the university. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects, among others, on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, *written with our blood*, that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the 'life after death.' After we had finished our classes at the college, G— went to India, having got an appointment there in the civil service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him; moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard any thing of them, or of him through them, so that all the old school-boy intimacy had died out, and I had nearly forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath; and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head around, looking toward the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get up out of the bath. On the chair sat G—, looking calmly at me! How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G—, had disappeared. This vision produced such a shock, that I had no inclination to talk about it, or to speak about it even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten, and so strongly was I affected by it that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, 19th December, and all the particulars as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream, I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with G—, nor had there been any thing to recall him to my recollection; nothing had taken place during our Swedish travels either connected with G—, or with India, or with any thing relating to him, or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as proof of a future state; yet all the while I felt convinced that the whole was a dream; and so painfully

vivid and so unfading was the impression, that I could not bring myself to talk of it or to make the slightest allusion to it. I finished dressing, and, as we had agreed to make an early start, I was ready by six o'clock, the hour of our early breakfast.

"BROUGHAM, October 16, 1862.—I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream: *Certissima mortis imago!* And now, to finish the story, begun above sixty years since: Soon after my return to Edinburgh there arrived a letter from India, announcing G——'s death, and stating that he had died on the 19th of December."

The Marquis of Pombal.

Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho e Mello, afterwards Marquis of Pombal, was born in 1699, and died in 1782. Son of a country-gentleman of moderate fortune, he rose, partly by his talents and application, and partly by the favor of Cardinal Motta, favorite and minister of John V., to employment in the public service of Portugal. From 1739 to 1745 he was minister in London, and from 1745 to 1750 he occupied a similar post at Vienna. From the court of Maria Theresa he was recalled to be Minister of Foreign Affairs at home shortly before the death of John V. On the death of that Catholic Sultan of the West, remembered in history chiefly in virtue of the vast palace-convent which he reared on the heights of Mafra, and of his seraglio-nunnery at Odivelas, Carvalho became minister of the new King Joseph I., and prepared to inaugurate a new era for Portugal. He virtually ruled that country without intermission for twenty-seven years, from 1750 to 1777. A man of vast and various activity, he left his mark upon almost every department of the public and private life of his country. He found the finances ruined by the mania of the late king for the creation of monster convents and bloated ecclesiastical dignities. By judicious economy he restored order to the treasury, and left in it eight millions sterling. The earthquake of 1755 attracted to Lisbon the pity and to Carvalho the admiration of Europe. Under his care the city rose from its ruins in renovated beauty, and architects lament that his superb plans for a quay along the whole river-frontage remain unaccomplished. He found the army and navy of Portugal in a deplorable condition of inefficiency and disorganization, and he reestablished both on a respectable footing. For his time, his commercial policy was singularly enlightened. By creating the Oporto Wine Company he enabled his own countrymen successfully to combat the monopoly which had been established by the enterprise and capital of the English traders. In this undertaking he had the clerical as well as British opposition, some of the more hostile of the priesthood assuring their flocks that the wine of the new company was incapable of the mysterious sacramental transformation, an incapacity itself involving a miracle. Pombal also had the honor of heading the revolt of the Catholic Governments against the subtle and secret domination of the Company of Jesus, and sent the Portuguese Jesuits as an unwelcome gift to their rightful owner, Benedict XIV. While he deprived his country of the followers of Loyola, he increased its daily comforts by the introduction of forks. In the course of 1762 he turned the ancient alliance of England to good account, and, with very inadequate military resources, boldly confronted Spain and France, and swept Portugal clear of invasion. In his conflicts with the Holy See he was generally successful; and in 1773 he had the great triumph of seeing his own policy toward the

Jesuits adopted by the Vatican; of hearing the "Te Deum" sung at Lisbon on the publication of the bull, "Dominus ac Redemptor noster," by which Clement XIV. suppressed the society.

The Emperor of Brazil.

No one who has read the paragraphs in the daily newspapers recording the movements of the Emperor of Brazil, since his arrival in London, can have failed to be struck by the strong contrast between his majesty's habits and occupations and those of all other royal personages of whom we have any knowledge. The manner in which Pedro II. spends his holidays irresistibly suggests the idea that he must be a monarch of a different type from any that has reigned in Europe for many years. No sovereign who had merely ornamental functions to perform in his own country would be likely, during a visit to a foreign capital, to get out of bed at five or six o'clock in the morning in order to inspect a new piece of machinery, a public work, a celebrated school or hospital, a botanical garden, a museum, or a library, and to spend ten or twelve hours daily in acquiring useful information. The Emperor Pedro II., it may be observed, has had no leisure or no taste for an interview with "the two-headed nightingale," nor has he expressed any wish to witness a slaughter of pigeons among the roses at Hurlingham. It would almost seem as if his majesty had come to Europe, not merely for his own amusement, but with the intention of turning his visit to profitable account; and we shall not be surprised to hear by-and-by that the people of Brazil have reaped great benefits from the tour he is now making. The idea of such a result appears strange and antiquated, we must admit, but then it should be remembered that we have not been accustomed to sovereigns who employ themselves in endeavoring to develop the resources and improve the manufactures of the countries in which they rule or reign. Kingship may have a different meaning in Brazil, under Pedro II., than it has had in any country in Europe since the time when Peter the Great of Russia gave his people the benefit of his practical experience as a shipwright.

The Erie Canal.

The width of the Erie Canal is seventy feet, the least depth of water seven feet, and the length of the locks one hundred feet. The average dimensions of the boats are—length, about ninety-six feet; breadth, seventeen feet three inches; depth of hold, nine feet; their custom-house measurement averages one hundred and twenty tons, but they carry an average of about two hundred and thirty tons; their average draught is, when light, two feet; and, when loaded to full capacity, six feet; leaving, in the latter case, one foot of depth below them where the water is shallowest.

Foreign Items.

MR. F. W. EBELING, a councillor at Weimar, has written an interesting biography of Count von Beust, the Imperial Chancellor of Austria. He relates that Beust at his birth was apparently dead, and that the physicians gave up all hope of bringing him to life. That was done finally by the nurse, who bathed the infant in a bowl filled with port-wine. During his boyhood, young Beust was lazy and indolent, and showed very little inclination for learning. He was, however, already at an early age a great newspaper reader. At present, Count von Beust speaks seven languages

fluently, and reads five more. His family is of Prussian descent, and his great-grandfather was born near Bismarck's birthplace.

Netchajeff, the Russian conspirator, who has been sentenced to death by the Assizes of St. Petersburg for treason and murder, was formerly a favorite servant of the Emperor Nicholas. His implacable hostility to the present Emperor Alexander II. arose from the fact that the Czar many years ago detected him one day in stealing money from his imperial father's desk. Netchajeff will be executed in the following manner: He will be tied so as to be unable to move his limbs. The executioner will then hang him on a large iron hook and turn him around until he is strangled. This is now the common mode of execution in Russia.

Madame Seebach, the German tragedienne, has been interviewed by the correspondent of a Swiss journal, in regard to her dramatic experience in the United States. She did not speak in very glowing terms of her successes in the New World, and said that she would advise any "star" longing for American triumphs to stay at home, on account of his inability to find in the United States a sufficient number of competent German actors to support him. Madame Seebach spoke in very high terms of the American stage, of whose character, she said, very few people in Germany had an adequate idea.

Joseph Gungl, the celebrated orchestra leader and composer, has returned from his musical journey through the northern states of Europe. He says that the Swedes and Danes are the most music-loving nations in the world. Gungl's farewell concert at Copenhagen was a great ovation for him. At the close of the concert, Lumbye, the great Danish composer, appeared on the stage and embraced Gungl amid the enthusiastic applause of an audience of over six thousand persons.

Edmond About has written a new book entitled "Woman under the Second Empire." It is said to be full of very spicy revelations about the influence of certain ladies at the Tuilleries upon the political action of the Emperor Napoleon. About asserts that, but for the instigations of a certain German princess, Napoleon III. would never have declared war against Prussia. The princess is Madame Pauline de Metternich.

Among the numerous troubles of the unfortunate Hospodar of Roumania, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, is said to be the distressing fact that his wife, who is a very beautiful and highly accomplished lady, is a confirmed kleptomaniac. Her mental aberration in this direction is well known at all the stores in Bucharest, where she makes her purchases. Whenever she goes to any of them, she is sure to carry off a number of small articles for which she has no use whatever.

It turns out that the Prussian General von Manteuffel, to whom the Emperor William is greatly attached, and who, during the war in France, was believed to have displayed considerable military ability, behaved with great stupidity, and repeatedly exposed the Prussian armies to the imminent danger of defeat. Bismarck and Moltke insist on his removal, and the latter has even told the emperor that General von Manteuffel ought to be court-martialed.

Public opinion in France is decidedly displeased with the reinstatement of M. Devienne, the president of the French Court of

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Appeals, who was compromised in the Marguerite-Bellanger scandal, and it is believed that the National Assembly will soon pass a law abolishing the Court of Appeals.

Grévy, the present president of the French National Assembly, and one of the leading barristers of his country, was in his youth apprenticed to a blacksmith, who sent him home to his parents with the message: "I cannot do any thing with your son. He is a good-for-nothing."

The anti-German pledge has been signed by over three hundred thousand persons in France. Each signer engages not to employ any Germans, not to buy any thing from Germans, and to do all he can to lessen the influence of Germany.

Victor Hugo is studying German literature at his little villa in Luxembourg. He was visited the other day by Professor Stein, a Swiss teacher, whom he told that no novel for a long time had interested him as much as Gustav Freytag's "Lost Manuscript."

Two relatives of Louis van Beethoven, the last surviving members of the great composer's family, were invited to be present at the centenary Beethoven festival, which was recently celebrated at Bonn-on-the-Rhine. Both live in very humble circumstances in Austria.

The Count de Chambord lives at present at the quiet old city of Ghent. Every morning he and his attendants walk in solemn procession to the cathedral to attend early mass. The pretender is in very feeble health, and his food is that of a vegetarian.

Victor Emmanuel has two hobbies, boar-hunting, and collecting insects for his entomological museum. During his recent sojourn in Rome, he spent many hours in hunting for certain bugs which are to be found only in and around the Eternal City.

It is rumored in Paris that George Sand has become a devout Roman Catholic. She had recently several long interviews with Archbishop Guibert, formerly Bishop of Tours, the city which George Sand calls "the most pleasant place in France."

Emile de Girardin boasts of having accumulated ten million francs by successful newspaper ventures. He lost a million francs in consequence of the war between France and Germany.

The ex-King of Naples lives in the same palace with his wife, Queen Maria, but he has not exchanged a word with her for several years. The pope some time since refused to divorce them.

Alexandre Dumas, père, was a poor speaker. He was not even able to read fluently in public. His son, on the contrary, is an excellent orator, and as a lecturer far superior to his father.

It is believed in well-informed circles in Rome that the Cardinal-Archbishop of Palermo has the best prospect of succeeding Pius IX. in the papacy.

The *Gaulois* claims to have the largest circulation of any daily paper in Paris. It asserts that its sales frequently exceed one hundred thousand copies.

The most popular English novelist in Germany seems to be Ainsworth. There are no fewer than eleven German translations of his works.

Berthold Auerbach and Louisa Mühlbach are coming to the United States. They will lecture together.

The hair of the ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico has turned entirely white. She is only thirty-one years of age.

Bismarck's study at Varsin is a very small room, plainly furnished, and containing but one picture, that of the Emperor Napoleon III.

The German national hymn, "The Watch on the Rhine," has been translated, since last year, into over twenty languages.

A monument will soon be erected to Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli), at his birthplace, Torgioni.

Every prime-minister in Europe at the present time is a freemason.

Madame Thiers is a legitimist, and Madame Jules Favre is an Orleanist.

Varieties.

AMONG the evil effects of the Franco-German war, it has been observed that, in the vicinity of the scenes of great battles, vegetation has been generally, if not entirely, destroyed—at any rate, materially impaired. Such plants as have not actually died, have withered or grown up wan and sickly, as if poisoned by some injurious substance in the air or the soil. German chemists have explained the phenomenon as arising from the diffusion of sulphur in the air and over the surface of the soil. This sulphur, in the shape in which it is contained in the smoke of gunpowder, is supposed to combine with the oxygen in the atmosphere to sulphurous acid, a deadly poison in its effects on organism of any kind.

"It is an exploded theory," says one who speaks with knowledge, "that women dress to please the men. They dress to please or spite each other. Any girl of sense and experience knows that it is just as easy to break a man's heart in a two-dollar muslin, neatly made up, as it is in a five-hundred-dollar silk costume made by a man-dressmaker." It is, in fact, a great deal easier. The natural charm of a young girl is often utterly destroyed by excessive dressing. Men like tasteful and not extravagant toilets; and the rivalry in dress among women is not to catch a beau, but to mortify an enemy.

The following story is related by Mr. Jefferson, concerning the first Continental Congress: "Delegate Harrison, of Virginia, desiring to 'stimulate,' presented himself and friend at a certain place where supplies were furnished Congress, and ordered two glasses of brandy-and-water. The man in charge replied that liquors were not included in the supplies furnished Congressmen. 'Why,' said Harrison, 'what is it, then, that I see the New England members come here and drink?' 'Molasses-and-water, which they have charged as stationery,' was the reply. 'Then give me the brandy-and-water,' quoth Harrison, 'and charge it as fuel.'

An eminent judge used to say that, in his opinion, the very best thing ever said by a witness to a counsel was the reply given to Missing, the barrister, at the time leader of his circuit. He was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey. The prosecutor had left the animal tied up to a gate, and when he returned it was gone. Missing was very severe in his examination of the witness. "Do you mean to say, witness, the donkey was stolen from that gate?" "I mean to say, sir," giving the judge and then the jury a sly look, at the same time pointing to the counsel, "the ass was Missing."

"It is a popular fiction," says Miss E. Stuart Phelps, "that men leave sewing to women because it is healthful, light, and easy. It is an unpopular fact that it is so exhausting

to the nervous force, and so unique in its demands upon the patience, that men will not touch it." But men do touch it, to a great extent. The masculine tailors in New York number thousands, and they do the best sewing, especially of that heavy kind necessary in coats and other articles of men's apparel.

The following lines, the authorship of which is unknown, give in a few words the history of the "Tichborne case" so far as it has been already unravelled:

"The firm of Baxter, Rose, and Norton,
Deny the claimant's Arthur Orton,
But can't deny what's more important,
That he has done what Arthur oughtn't."

It is a singular fact that the ablest and most influential journals now published in Italy are either edited or controlled by Jews. In Rome the liberal journal most read is edited by a Jew. They demand liberty of conscience, and discuss the religious questions, now uppermost in Italy, with great intelligence and perfect freedom.

At an hotel in Ohio, a large mirror is placed at the entrance to the dining-hall, which is so constructed that you see yourself a thin, cadaverous, hungry person; but when you come out from the table and look again in the glass your body is distended to the extremity of corpulency.

A visitor at the White Hills says, New Hampshire would be as large as Illinois were it only flat; but it is drawn up into all manner of folds, and creases, and plateaus, and made a perfect tumble of, and then is tucked away in one corner of the map where nobody would think of looking for it.

"Mother," said a little girl who was engaged in making her doll an apron, "I believe I will be a duchess when I grow up." "How do you ever expect to become a duchess, my daughter?" her mother asked. "Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure," replied the girl.

The following is told of a young society gentleman, who graduated from Harvard: On the examination in physics, he was asked, "Mr. —, what planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the earth, but I'm not quite certain."

Absinthe is, by some people, regarded as a chief one among the many causes of the decadence of France. Men holding this opinion might, if they would make a point of it, observe that, inasmuch as Ireland has been very nearly ruined by her absinthes, so France has been endangered also by her absinthes.

The London *Athenæum*, in an appreciative notice of W. D. Howells, comparing him to Charles Lamb, says: "Had Elia been an American of the present, instead of an Englishman of the past generation, he would write as Mr. Howells does."

A Wisconsin brute applied for a divorce on the ground that his wife had become weak, and "couldn't work on the farm as she used to."

This is the latest contribution to piscatorial study by the board of education: Question—What is the cause of the saltiness of the water of the ocean? Answer—The codfish.

The number of clergymen in the United States is placed at ninety-one thousand; their average salary at seven hundred dollars.

New York and the New-England States together have almost one-third of the cities in the United States.

The late war and the Communist revolt have caused a great scarcity of skilled artisans in Paris.

In Richmond, Indiana, a judge fined a woman, and she found his nose and pulled it.

Ex-Secretary Seward is said to have his life insured for one hundred thousand dollars.

Professor Huxley has discovered that artists are the highest type of humanity.

Starch and flour are made from horse-chestnuts in France.



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